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G. SCHIRMER'S EDITION

Book of ENGLISH BALLADS

SOPRANO OR TENOR.

Vol. I.

Vol. II.

Vol. III.

Vol. IV.

MEZZO-SOP. OR BAR.

Vol. I.

Vol. II.

Vol. III.

Vol. IV.

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IS IT FOR ME?

Words by G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

J. BARNBY.

VOICE.

Piano. { *mf cresc.* *f dim.* *p*

PIANO.

My heart is sad with wait - ing so, For

good news with its lag-gard feet; The long days come, the

long days go, The wea - ry hours are in - com - plete. Yet

Animato. *poco a poco*

hark, a step falls on mine ear, A

fig - ure at the thres-hold stands; The look'd and long'd for words are

here, All trav - el-stain'd from dis - tant lands Is it for

f *3* *9* *8*

me, at last, at last, Sweet written words from o-ver the

* Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

cresc. accel.

sea, To bid my sor - row aye go past. Is it for. *cresc.*

mf * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

accel.

me, for me? Is it for me, for *ff*

ff

me?

ff *mf* * Ped. * Ped. *

Far, o-ver land and sea they speed,

p

thoughts those writ-ten words a-wake,

Till mist - - - y grow the

eyes that read,

With tears that are for glad-ness' sake.

Al -

Animato.

poco a poco. -

read - - y seems my heart to beat At thought of all that lips will

f

say, How loy - al hands will once more meet, Life's

ff

ful - lest joy be mine that day. Is it for me, at last, at

ff

*

ff

last? Sweet writ - ten words from o - ver the

ff

*

*

*

*

sea, All tears are shed, all

mf

accel. cresc.
sor - row past, It is for me, for

accel. cresc.

p. *ff*
me! It is for me, for

p. me!

ff

LOVE IS A DREAM.

SONG.

(*SOPRANO or TENOR.*)

Words by S. F. HOUSELEY.

FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Moderato quasi Andantino.

VOICE.

Ti - ny white cloud - lets float - ed a - bove us, Scent of white clo - ver came

o - ver the lea, Down in the val - ley the sheep - bells were ring - ing,

poco cresc.

Sun-beams danc'd mer-ri - ly o - ver the sea. Far down be - low us the

poco cresc.

brook - let was flow - ing, Larks sang their mat - ins to

cresc.

heav'n a - bove, O - ver the hill - side we wan - der'd to - geth - er,

cresc.

dim. e rit.

Whis - per-ing soft - ly our sto - ry of love.

dim. e rit. *p* *rall.*

6/8

Andante, (quasi Tempo di Valse.)

p

Love is a dream, sad is the a-wak-ing Sun - shine and

p

R&d. * *R&d.* *

cresc. *rit.* *mf a tempo.*

sor - row must ev - er meet Love is a dream; ah!

dim.

cresc. *colla voce.* *mf*

R&d. *

R&d.

espress.

accel. e cresc.

could it last for - ev - er, For life is hard, for life is

accel. e cresc.

* *R&d.* *

f rit. *dim. e rit.*

hard, life is hard, and love, and love so sweet.

f rit. *p*

Tempo I.

The lark's song ceas'd and the ros-es fad-ed,

Shad-ows grew long-er and day - light died, Slow-ly we wan-der'd down to the val-ley,

poco cresc.

Hand clasp'd in hand by the brook - let's side. The air was heav-y with scent of white clo-ver, The
poco cresc.

cresc.

rest - less sea had a sound of pain, The day was o - ver, our dream was bro-ken, And
cresc.

rit.

life and sor - row came back a - gain.

p rit.

rall.

6/8

Andante, (quasi Tempo di Valse.)

Love is a dream;

pp

6/8

Rd.

** **

sad is the a -

wak - - ing,

Sun - - shine and sor - - row

Rd.

** **

wak - - ing,

Sun - - shine and sor - - row

cresc.

rit.

mf a tempo.

must ev - er meet

dim.

colla voce

cresc.

mf

Rd.

accel. e cresc.

dream; ah! could it last for ev - er,
For life is

* *Reed.* *

accel. e cresc.

hard,
for life is hard,

hard, and love, and love so sweet.

f rit.

life is hard, and love, and love so sweet.
a tempo.

f rit. *colla voce.*

* *Reed.* *

dim.

dim.

*

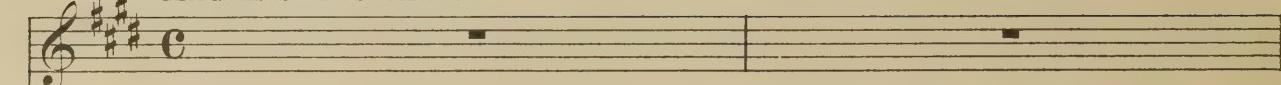
3 Sing to me.

Words by
FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

L. DENZA.

Andante sostenuto.

VOICE.



PIANO.

p tranquillo.

p
Sing to me, — O sing to

rall.

leggiero.

me When the light is low, As in

days ——— that used to be,

Songs of long

a -

p

go:

While I watch ——— your ten - der

col canto.

eyes ——— In the moon - - - light gleam, Sing the

col canto.

rit.

old ——— sweet mem-o - ries, Sing, and let me

col canto.

stent.

dream, Sing, and let me dream.

p *col canto.**p*

Sing to me, O sing to

rit.

me, As I hear you sing All the

fears for days to be From my heart take

p

wing. As I look in-to your eyes, Then I

col canto.

can for - get All the bit - - ter memo -

col canto.

rit.

ries, All the wild re - gret, All the wild re -

col canto. *col canto.*

gret.

p

rit.

pp rit.

Sing to me, O sing to me, Sing and

p *col canto.*

let me know, You are all you used to

be In our long a - go; When we

col canto.

trod the prim-rose ways, Ere we

rit.

had to part, Sing, O sing _____ of those dear

*col canto.**animando.*

days, Give me back your heart, give me

animando.

back, give me back _____ your

col canto.

heart.

f deciso.

Tell her I love her so.

Words by F.E.WEATHERLY. M.A.

P. DE FAYE.

Andantino con moto. (♩ = 72)

PIANO.

1. Gleam,
2. Greet,

sil - ver stream, — Sea - ward gai - - ly swell - -
soft - ly my sweet, — By thy spangled mar - gin roam - -

ing, — Flow, flow, whis - p'ring low, —
ing, — Croon, croon, un - der the moon, —

cresc.

To your banks my sto - ry tell - - - ing.
In the ten - der love - tide gloam - - - ing.

pp L.H. lusingando.

pp poco più lento.

Far, far o'er sand - y bar,
Greet, greet, soft-ly my sweet,

pp colla voce.

espress.

Lies my lit - tle one's dwell - ing. Flow, flow mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly
Tell her that I am com - ing.

a tempo. cresc.

a tempo. cresc.

dim. e rit.

flow, Tell her I love her so, I love her so.

1.

f

dim. e rit.

mf marcato.

2.

plaintivo.

so. Say,

p dim. rit. pp poco marcato.

cresc.

say, when she's a - way, — Life is dark — and

cresc.

dim.

cresc. animandosi.

lone - - - ly, — Bright and fair — when she is

dim. cresc.

f 2:

near, For 'tis she — is the sun - shine on - - - ly, —

f dim.

pp poco più lento.

Greet, greet,
colla voce.

*rit.**a tempo. cresc.*

soft-ly my sweet, She is my love, mine on - ly, Flow,— flow,—

a tempo. cresc.

mer- ri- ly, mer- ri- ly flow,— Tell her I love her so,— I love her

*cresc.**ad lib.**f colla voce.**so. —**ff*

SWINGING.

Words by W. K. CLIFFORD.

CÉCILE S. HARTOG.

Andantino grazioso.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

molto legato.

Swing, swing,

swing, In the drow-sy af-ter - noon. Swing, swing,

swing, Up I go to meet the moon, Swing, swing, swing,

cresc. poco a poco.

p

swing, swing, swing, I can see as I go high,
p *cresc. poco a poco.*

Far a - long the crim - son sky; I can see as I come down, The

tops of hous - es in the town; High and low, Fast and slow,
p

dim. e poco rit.

Swing, swing, swing, High and low, Fast and slow, Swing, swing,
dim. e poco rit.

swing.

a tempo.

p *cresc.* *dim.*

Swing, swing, swing, See, the sun is gone a - way

mf

Swing, swing, swing, Gone to find a bright new day.

f

Swing, swing, swing, Swing, swing, swing,

s *p*

agitato e cresc. poco a poco.

I can see as up I go, The

agitato e cresc. poco a poco.

pop - lars wav - ing to and fro,

I can see as I come down, The

lights are twink - ling in the town High and low,

Fast and slow, Swing, swing, swing,

High and low, Fast and slow, Swing, swing,

swing, Swing low, Swing

high.

“IS IT TOO LATE?”

SONG.

Words by EDWARD OXFORD.

(*SOPRANO or TENOR.*)

LAWRENCE KELLIE.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

con Ped.

Is it too late to crave For-give-ness for the past?

Is it too late to save Thy love, now wan - ing fast?

Oh! if an er - ring heart Could con - trite

* * * * *

ev - er be, Is it the coun - ter - part Of

* * * * *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

poco rit. Più lento.

that which pleads— with thee? Is it too

colla voce.

late, Is it too late?

accel. - - - - - *poco rit.*

Ah, no, the past for - give, for - get, And be to me and I to thee, As
accel. *collavoce.*

f

when our hands in plight - ing met . *Moderato.*

p

Is it too late? Ah,

no! for thou wilt grant my plea! Ten - der - ly words will flow And comfort yield to me;

On - ly a life of pain, An end - less
 * * * * *
 wish to die, Were mine should'st thou dis - dain My
 * * * * *
 pray'r, and pass— them by. Is it too
 * * * * *
 late, Is it too— late?
 * * * * *

accel.

Ah, no, the past for - give, for - get, And be to

accel.

poco rit.

me and I to thee, As when our hands in plight - ing

colla voce.

cresc. ed accel.

met. Is it too late, Is it too

cresc. ed accel.

Re. *

f

late? Too late?

f

Re. *

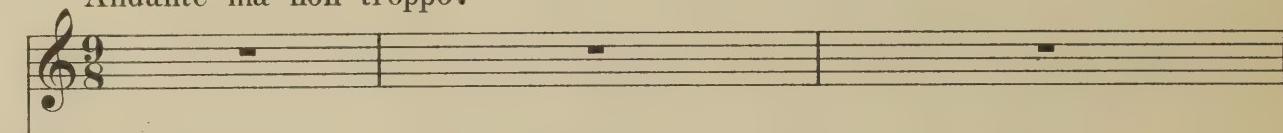
THE GARDEN OF SLEEP.

Words by CLEMENT SCOTT.

ISIDORE DE LARA.

Andante ma non troppo.

VOICE.

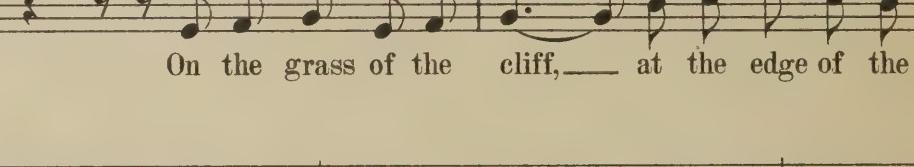


PIANO.

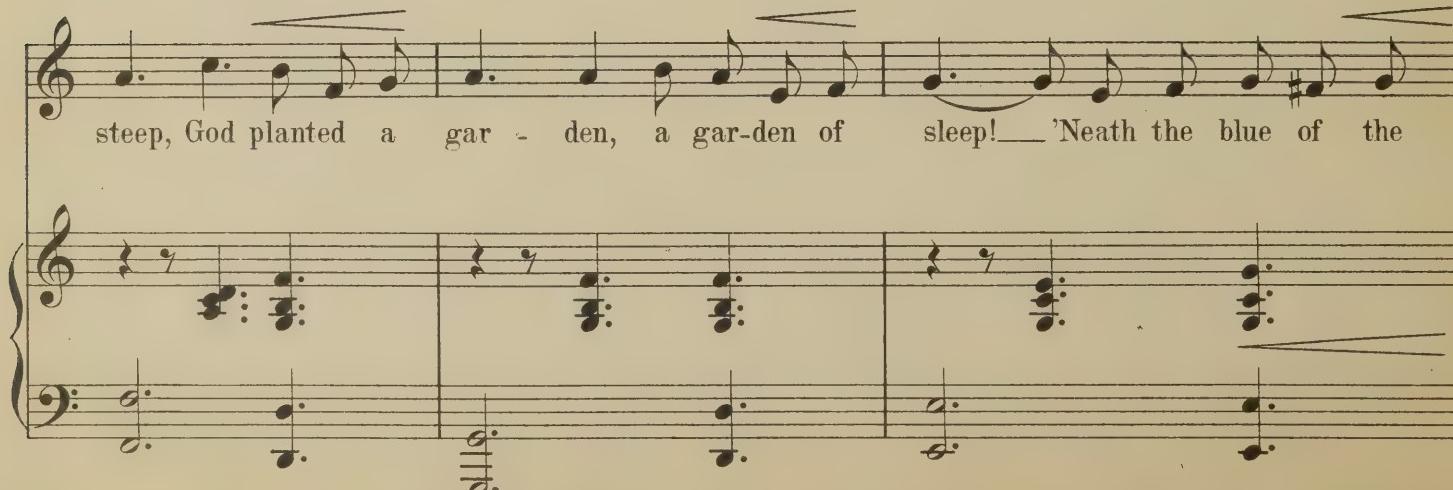
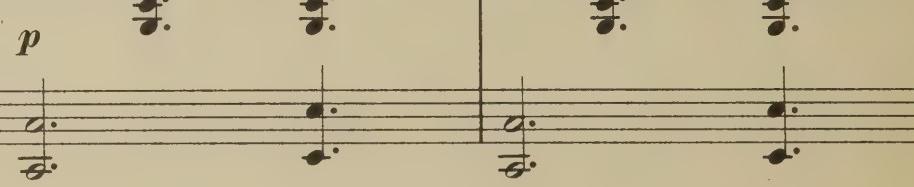


On the grass of the cliff,— at the edge of the

rall.



steep, God planted a gar - den, a gar-den of sleep!— 'Neath the blue of the



ten.

sky, — in the green of the corn, — It is there —

poco più mosso.

— that the re - gal red pop - pies are born? — Brief days of de -

sire, — and long dreams of de - light, — They are mine when my

p allargando.

pop - py - land com - eth in sight. O! heart of my

col canto.

heart! Where the pop - pies are born I am wait - ing for

thee, in the hush of the corn. O! heart of my

heart! where the pop - pies are born, I am wait - ing, am

wait - ing for thee, in the hush of the corn.

In my gar - den of

rall.

p

sleep, — Where red pop - pies are spread, — I wait for the

liv - ing, a - lone with the dead! — For a tow - er in

ten.

ru - ins stands guard o'er the deep, — At whose feet —

poco più mosso.

— are green graves of dear wom-en a sleep! — Did they love as

col canto.

p I love, when they lived by the sea? — Did they wait as

I wait for the days that may be? Ol Life of my

allargando.

life! — on the cliffs by the sea, — By the graves in the

grass, — I am wait - ing for thee! — O! Life of my

life! — on the cliffs by the sea, — By the graves in the

grass I am wait - ing am wait - ing, for thee.

ff accel.

ff ♫

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

You are mine.

SONG.

Words by
G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Moderato.

FREDERIC N. LÖHR.

Voice.

Piano.

dolce.

I love you, when the long day

p *p*

pass - - - es, And grey night opens wide her gates, When

, *p* express.

cool winds move a - mong the grass - - es And

, *mf*

low birds mur - mur to their mates; I

, *cresc.*

see your ten - der eyes, mine meet - - ing In

mf cresc.

yon bright stars that shine a - bove; In

dolce.

song of bird in zeph - yr fleet - - ing, I

dolce.

hear your voice, the voice I love! I —

a tempo.

love you; be — it night or morn - ing, You still are

f a tempo.

mine, are mine the long hours through, For

, affrett.

no fair thing the world a - dorn - - ing But hath some

count - - er - part in you, some

affrett. rit. ff rit. ff dolce.

I

love you, when the morn-ing wak - - - ens, And
 day in ro - sy splen-dor dawns; When
 sleep the si - lent lea for - sak - - - ens, And
 shad - - ows die from dew - y lawns! I

, cresc.

see your smile to mine re - ply - - - ing In

mf

cresc.

ev - - - ry sun-ray from a - bove, _____ In

dolce.

waft - - ed blos - som fra - grance, dy - - - ing, I

dolce.

riten.

feel the pres - ence that I love! I

riten.

f a tempo.

love you; be it night or morn - - ing, You still are

f a tempo.

cresc.

mine, are mine the long hours through, For

f

no fair thing the world a - - ing But hath some

affrett.

count - - er - part in you, some

, *riten.* , *opp.* , *ff*
count - - er - part, some count-er - part in

you!

fff

sf

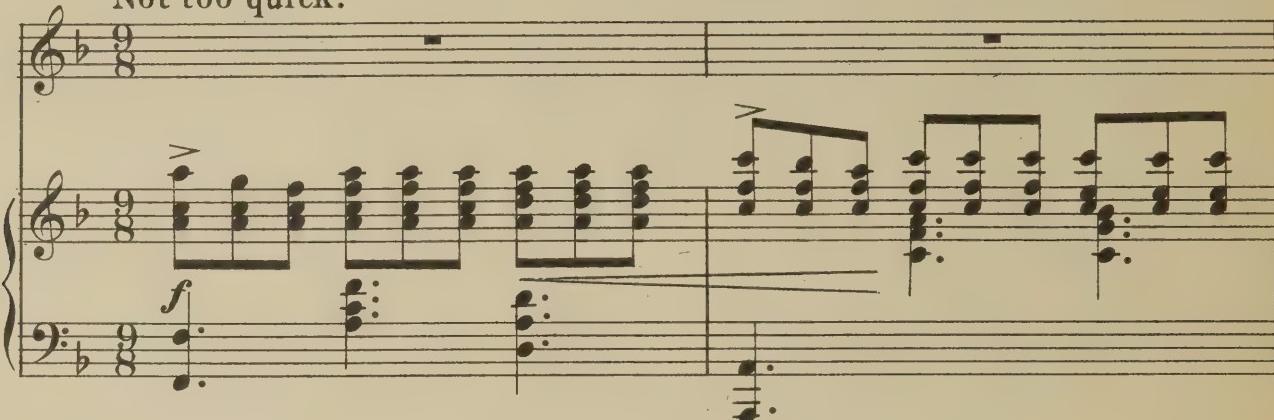
LEAVING, YET LOVING.

Words by
E. BARRETT BROWNING.

THEO. MARZIALS.

Not too quick.

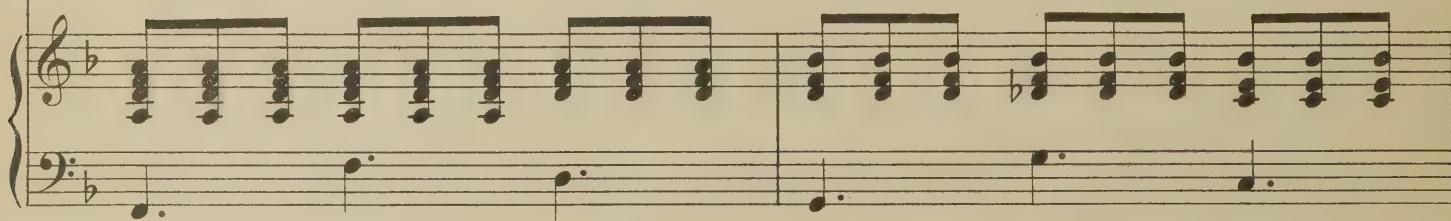
Voice.



Piano.



no one be - side thee, And no one a - bove thee, Thou



stand-est a - lone as the night - in - gale sings, — And my

accel.

words that would praise thee are im - po-tent

accel.

ff

things. For none can express thee, tho' all should approve thee, For

pp

none can ex-press thee, tho' all should ap - prove thee, I

accel.

love thee so dear, that I on - ly can

f

ff pp

leave thee, I love thee so dear, that I on - ly can

leave _____ thee. _____

calando.

Say,

ff

pp

what can I do for thee, weary thee, grieve thee?

rall. e dim. *pp colla voce.*

Lean on thy bosom, new bur-den to add? Weep my tears

colla voce.

accel. *accel.*

ver thee, mak-ing thee _____ sad *a tempo.* Oh!

facel. *p*

hold me not, Oh! loveme not,love me not, Oh! hold menot,loveme not,letme re-

ppp stretto.

trieve thee, I love thee so dear, that I

>stretto.

on - ly can leave thee, I love thee so

ff pp rall.

dear, that I on - ly, I on - ly can leave thee, I on - ly can

R&d. *

leave thee.

calando. *colla voce.*

dim. *dim.*

ASK NOTHING MORE.

Words by A. C. SWINBURNE.

SOPRANO.

THEO. MARZIALS.

Passionate, but not too quick.

PIANO.

VOICE.

Ask nothing more of me, Sweet, All I can give you I give.

Heart of my heart, were it more, More would be laid at your feet,

Love that would help you to live, Song that would spur you to soar;

Ask noth-ing more of me, Sweet, Ask nothing more, nothing

more, *slargando.*

All things were noth-ing, noth-ing to give,

pp *a tempo.*

Once to have sense of you more, Touch you and dream of you, Sweet,

Think you, and breathe you and live, Swept of your wings as you soar,

Trod-den by chance, by chance of your feet, Trod-den by chance, by

slower.

chance of your feet, I, who have love and no more;

slargando molto. *ppp* *colla voce a tempo.*

Give you but love of you, Sweet. He that hath more let him give,

f *passionate.*

He that hath wings let him soar,

Mine is the heart at your feet,

Here that must love you to live

Mine is the heart at your feet,

Here that must love you to live, here, here,

quicker.

Here that must love — you, love you to live!

V SLUMBER SONG.

Written by GEORGE WEATHERLY.

Andante.

TITO MATTEI.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 12/8. The bottom staff is for the piano, with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 12/8. The piano part features a steady eighth-note pattern. The vocal line begins with a sustained note followed by a melodic line. Dynamics include *p*, *cresc.*, and *poco rall.*

The musical score continues with two staves. The vocal line begins with a melodic line, followed by lyrics: "'Mid_a wealth of roses Full_of fragrance'. The piano part features a steady eighth-note pattern. Dynamics include *p* and *p*.

The musical score concludes with two staves. The vocal line begins with a melodic line, followed by lyrics: 'deep,— Where the dai-sy clos - es Pet-als fair in sleep,— Leaving far be-'. The piano part features a steady eighth-note pattern. Dynamics include *p* and *mf*.

poco stent.

hind us All that has op - prest,

Where no care can find us Let us dream and

p

Agitato.

cresc.

rest! For cares fill heart and mind,

And eyes seem made to

poco più animato.

cresc.

weep, And so 'tis sweet, sweet to find Forget fulness in

f

p

dim.

cresc.

dim.

sleep! 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet to

p

find For-get-ful - ness in sleep! Ah! Un-der the

p tranquillo. *rall.*

a tempo

sky sink-ing to sleep, Sweet-

a tempo *pp*

* * * * *

tis to lie un - der the sky Fall-ing a -

* * * * *

sleep. falling a sleep. fall - - ing a -

Rall. *ten.* *rall.* *p ten.* *pp*

* * * * *

p

sleep!

Neath the stars that

cresc.

poco rall.

p

glim - mer, Crad - led in the sky, Where the moon - beams

p

shim - mer, Tell - ing night is nigh, With soft air en -

p

fold - en, Mosses for a nest, In the si-lence gold-en, Let us sleep — and

p

Agitato.

rest! For in both heart and mind Regret lies ver - y

poco più animato.

cresc.

dim.

deep And so 'tis sweet, sweet to find Forget - fulness in

f p dim.

cresc.

dim.

sleep! 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet to

p rall.

find For-get-ful - ness in sleep! Ah! Un-der the

p tranquillo. p rall.

sky sink-ing to sleep Sweet
 * * * * *

'tis to lie un - - der the sky Fall-ing a -
 * * * * *

sleep, Falling a - sleep, fall - - ing a - ten.
 * * * * *

sleep, a - sleep! ten. pp
 pp sine alla fine.

BEST OF ALL.

(For SOPRANO or TENOR.)

Words and Music by FRANK MOIR.

Andante cantabile.

Voice.

1.'Tis all the world to
2. I know full well the

Piano.

have thee near, And worse than death to be with - out thee, My heart is sad when
earth is fair, Theheavn a - bove in a - zure shin - - eth, My heart is full of

cresc.

con molto express.

I'm a-lone, Yet still I do not doubt thee. I long for thee; I sigh for thee, Tho'
grat-i-tude Yet still for thee it pin - eth. I long for thee; I sigh for thee, Tho'

cresc.

* * *

cresc.

na - ture's choic-est gift sur - - round me,
bright the sun-shine falls a - round me, I still must wish for thee, I still must

poco rall.

seek for thee, Nor be at rest, nor be at rest, Till I have found thee.

rall. *col canto.*

mf più mossoed agitato.

Tempo I.

3. Tho' Earth may smile and

Sun may shine, And I may feel the touch of na - ture, Tho'

cresc. e rit.

I may see in vis - ions bright — thy face, and ev - 'ry

cresc. e rit.

feat - ure, There still re-mains a heav - y load An

f *fp.* *più lento.* *p*

ach - ing void of longing sor - row, Which I a - lone can

feel, And on - ly sleep can heal, With balm - y wing, with balmy

Rd. * *Rd.* *

rall.

wing: un - til to - mor - row. Then come to me, O!

rall.

Then come to me, 'Tis worse than death to be with - out thee, And I will

live for thee, And I will love but thee, And be at rest, And be at

rest, when I have found thee.

ad lib.

maestoso.

con passione.

accel.

f

cresc.

accel.

f

f

Love's old sweet song.

Words by

(*SOPRANO or TENOR in A♭.*)

G. Clifton Bingham.

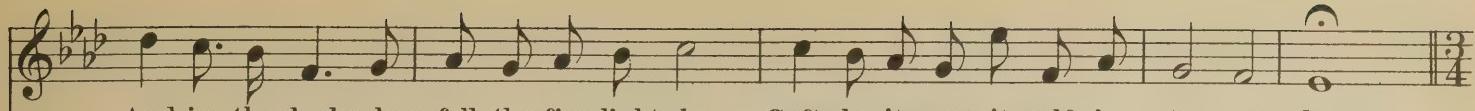
J. L. MOLLOY.

PIANO.

Andante con moto.

Once in the dear dead days beyond re-call, When on the world the mists be-gan to fall,

Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng Low to our hearts Love sung an old sweet song;



p a tempo.

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, And the flick'ring shadows

p

soft-ly come and go, Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,

mf

Still to us at twi - light comes Love's old song, comes Love's old sweet_ song.

f rit.

semprœ ♪. rit.

F major, 2/4 time.

c

E - ven to - day we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for e - ver - more,

c

Foot-steps may fal - ter, weary grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day.

c

So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

p

3

a tempo.

Just a song at twi - light, when the lights are low, And the flick - ring
p cantando.

sempre &. &
&

shad - ows soft - ly come and go; Tho' the heart be wea - ry
& *&* *mf*

& *&*

sad the day and long, Still to us at twi - light comes Love's old song, comes
ad lib.

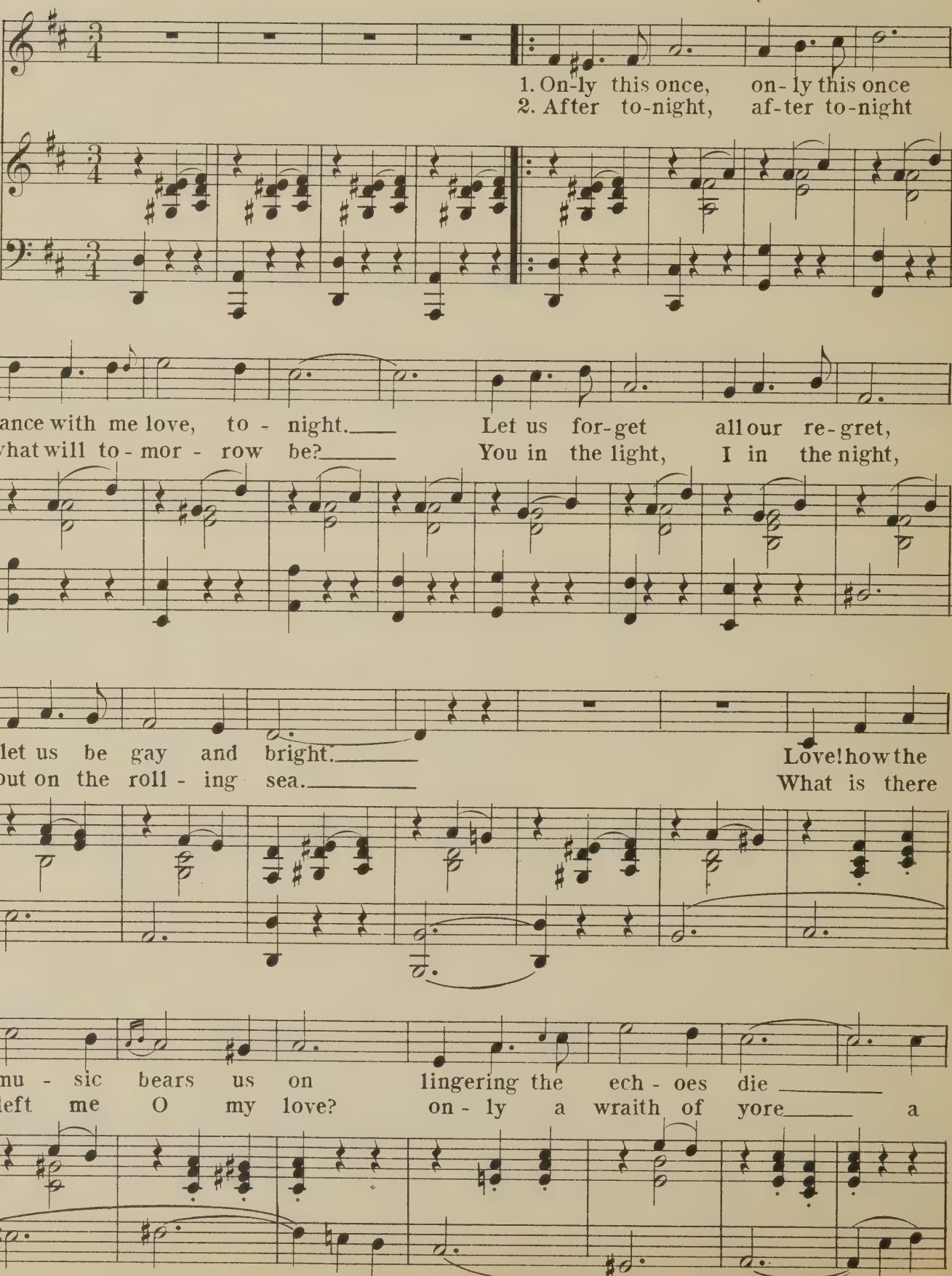
Love's old sweet - song.

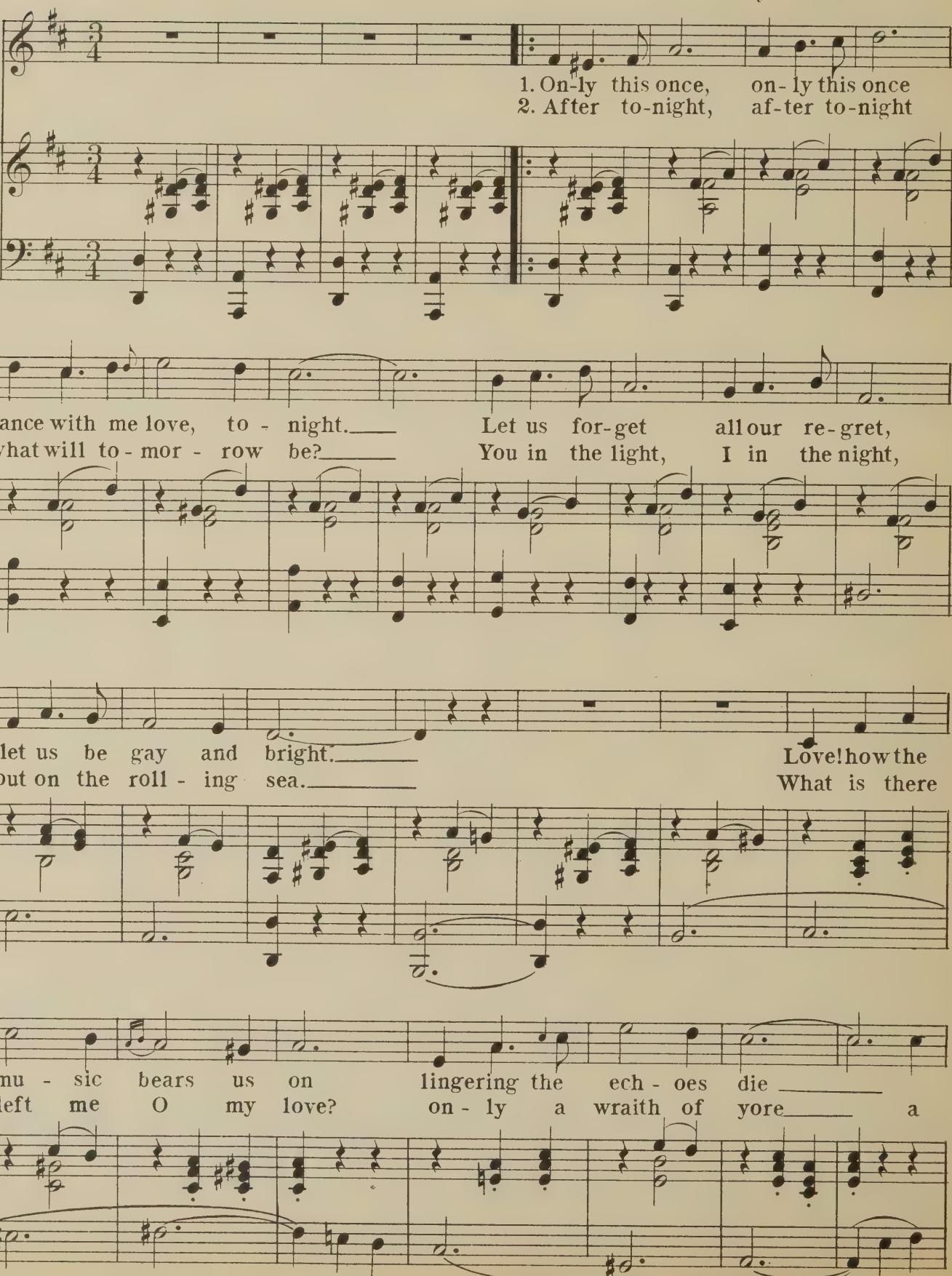
f animato. *&* *&* *rit.*

& *&*

ONLY TO-NIGHT.
or
(THE LAST WALTZ.)

Words and Music
by J. L. MOLLOY.

Voice. 

Piano. 

1. On-ly this once, on- ly this once
2. After to-night, af-ter to-night

dance with me love, to - night.— Let us for-get all our re-gret,
what will to - mor - row be? You in the light, I in the night,

let us be gay and bright.— Love! how the
out on the roll - ing sea. What is there

mu - sic bears us on linger - ing the ech - oes die —
left me O my love? on - ly a wraith of yore — a

just as it rang, just as we sang in the days that are gone by.
 rose that is dead, a word that is said and a dream that comes no more.

1-2. On - ly to - night, on - ly to - night, Hark to the old re - frain.

Hark how it sings, tender-ly brings back all the past a - gain.

rall. 1.

colla voce.

f

The music is fading and dies while we dream -

gain.

ing. stand there are tears in your passion-ate eyes as I hold your

hand O love for the last time whis-per sweet and

low Say you love me dar - ling once be - fore I

go. —————— On - ly to - night, on - ly to - night,

hark to the old re - train. —————— Only to-night, just for to - night, but never for

me a - gain. —————— Only to - night, on - ly to - night, but nev-er for
rall.

me_ a - gain.

The Parting Kiss.

Words by F. E. Weatherly.

Mrs. L. Moncrieff.

Tempo Moderato.

VOICE.

We were

PIANO.

float-ing in the moon-light, On a sil - ver sea a - lone, Do you

colla voce.

rall. poco. tempo.

think of it, my dar- ling? Do you think of it mine own? You were

colla voce. tempo.

near me, my be - lov - ed, You re - mem-ber all we said,— With the

sil - ver sea be-neath us, And the mag - ic sky o'er - head! Oh

ff rall. poco.

Rit.

accel.

love, how fast the hours go past, Oh

colla voce.

love, how fast the hours go past, One

ff ritard. molto.

kiss be-lov - ed, 'tis our last, One kiss be-lov - ed,

colla voce. ritard. molto. *colla voce.*

Dreamingly.

'tis our last! I am

rit. > accel. f p

dream-ing, oh be - lov - ed, Last night was years a - go, — We have
 said good - bye for - ev - er, And my heart is cold as snow, Is there
 nev - er a wave be - lov - ed, Is there nev - er a sil - ver line, — That will
 car - ry my soul to the o - cean, And bur - y it deep with thine? Oh

accel. poco.

love, how fast, the years go past, Oh love, how fast, the

accel. poco.

years go past, That kiss, be - lov - ed, was our last, That

rall. colla voce.

ff colla voce.

colla voce.

20.

kiss, be - lov - ed, be - lov - - - ed was our

last.

accel.

ff

8

QUEEN OF THE EARTH.

Words by H. L. D'ARCY JAXONE.

CIRO PINSUTI.

Andante moderato.

PIANO.

An an - gel in all but name is she, O'er
dim. - - - - -
p - - - - -
cresc. - - - - -
life her vig - il keep - ing; Whose wings are spread, o'er each cra - dle
cresc. - - - - -
bed, Where the hopes of earth lie sleep - ing.
p dolce. - - - - -

The He-roes that van-quish a - mid the strife, And

write their names on the scroll of life, Have fought for the fade-less

poco dim. lau-rels of fame, To lay their crowns on her sa - cred name,

a tempo.

To lay their crowns

on her sa-cred name! _____

cresc. e rall. molto.

f Molto maestoso.

Wide as the world is her king - dom of power, Love is her

f maestoso. dim. *cresc.* *f*

sceptre, her crown and her dower, In ev - 'ry heart she has

animando. *animando.*

cresc. poco a poco.

fash - ion'd her throne As queen of the earth she reign - eth a -

cresc. poco a poco.

rall. *f allargando.* *rit.* *rall.* *ff allargando.* *col canto.* *molto grandioso.*

alone, As queen of the earth she reign - eth a - lone.

The musical score consists of six staves of music for voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano C-clef, and the piano part is in bass F-clef. The score includes lyrics in italics and dynamic markings such as *p*, *f*, *rall.*, *e dim.*, *dolce con espress.*, *cresc.*, and *f*. The piano part features various patterns of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the vocal part follows a melodic line with sustained notes and grace notes.

rall. e dim.
An an-gel in all but power is
Tempo I.
p
dolce con espress.
she, 'Mid scenes of shade and sor - row: She weaves thro' each night, a
cresc.
lad-der of light, That leads to a bright to - mor - row.
p
f
She launches each life on the sea of Time, And guides each
f

helm to the far - - off clime; Her pin - ions of love are

poco dim.

spread in each sail, Till she casts the an - chor with - in _____ the

poco dim. *rit.*

a tempo.

vale, Till she casts the an - chor with-in the vale!

a tempo. *sf* *cresc. e rall.*

Molto maestoso.

Wide as the world is her king - dom of
Maestoso.

molto. *f* *dim.*

f

power, Love is her scep - tre, her crown, and her

cresc. *f* *cresc.*

animando.

dower; In ev - -'ry heart she has fash - ion'd her throne, As
animando. *cresc.*

e animando assai. rall. ff allargando.

queen — of the earth she reign - eth a - lone, As queen — of the

e animando assai. rall. ff allargando.

molto rit.

earth she reign - eth a - lone!

col canto. a tempo. ff

Time and Tide.

17

(Soprano or Tenor.)

Words by
H. L. D'ARCY JAXONE.

PAUL RODNEY.

Molto moderato.

PIANO.

VOICE.

O riv-er, riv-er, roll-ing on! Turn thy tide for one lit-tle day;

Let me live in the far-a-way, In the days that are dead and gone.

Let me play as a child once more, In and out of the home-stead door;

L'istesso tempo. (♩ = ♩)

mſcon espr.

mf con espr.

Oh, Riv - er of Life! I am rest - less as thee,— The spring - tide of Life will not

f cresc. - - - *ff*.
come back to me; So Time and Tide, I will go with thee,

Musical score for orchestra and piano. The top staff shows the piano part in treble clef with a dynamic of *f cresc.*. The bottom staff shows the orchestra part in bass clef with a dynamic of *ff*.

a tempo.

mf rall.

On - ward and on to E - ter - - ni - ty, On - ward and on to E -

a tempo.

ter - ni - ty.

a tempo.

Quicker.

mf

O riv - er, riv - er, roll - ing on!

mf

Thou art my life, and I thy heart; Thy fate and mine nev - er can part,

Till Time it-self is past and gone. Till the riv - er shall meet the sea,

Till the past shall re-turn to me, Till the twi-light shall tint the West,

ad lib. Car - ry me, car - ry me, home to rest; Till the twi - light shall tint the West,

colla voce.

rall. Car - ry me, car - ry me, home to rest. Oh, Riv - er of Life! I am

rest - less as thee, The shad - ows are fall - ing o'er you and o'er me; So

L'istesso tempo.

mf

mf

mf

cresc. - *ff.* *a tempo.*

Time and Tide, let me go with thee,
On - ward and on to E-
a tempo.

cresc. - *ff.* *mf*

ter - ni - ty, So Time and Tide, let me go with thee,

rall. *f*

On - ward and on to E-ter - ni - ty. On - ward and on to E-

rall.

a tempo.

ter - ni - ty!

f *fa tempo.*

FAITHFUL.

Words by

MARY MARK - LEMON.

Andantino.

(SOPRANO or TENOR.)

JOSEPH L. ROECKEL.

PIANO.

Andantino tranquillo.

Friend-ship has failed us, old trust has gone, Love that was dawn-ing is

dead; Life and its sun-shine is cloud-ed o'er, Aye, for the past has

colla voce.

un poco agitandosi.

fled. You will for - get, and our sto - ry will seem The

cresc. ed accel.

un poco agitandosi.

cresc. ed accel.

con passione.

dream of a sum - mer day, But I shall re - mem - ber its

largamente.

gold - en light When years shall have passed a - way! I

colla parte.

Andanté sostenuto.

pp con gran espressione.

thought you loved me once, — I deemed the sto - ry true; — The

agitato.

pp molto legato.

cresc.

*Rd. ** *Rd. ** *Rd. ** *Rd. ** *Rd. **

e cresc.

dream has gone, the love has flown, But still I am faith - ful to

ed agitato.

f

colla parte.

largamente e rit. *a tempo.*

you, — But still I am faith - ful to you!

rit. colla parte.

p dolce.

*Ped. ** *Ped. ** *Ped. **

Andante tranquillo.

But, when the world has sung you of sorrow,

rit. molto.

p

molto espressivo.

Hid - ing its gold - en beam,

Then, love, I pray that

you may re - mem - ber Just once a - gain our dream!

rall. colla parte.

agitato.

And when the an - gels guide you to Heav - en, O'er the di - vid - ing

*p agitato.**sempre cresc.**ff con passione.*

sea, Look on the shore and give me this wel - come, "I

ff largamente.

know you are faith - ful to me."

*pp**Andante sostenuto.*

I thought you loved me

*f colla parte.**> rit.**pp legatissimo.**Rd. ***Rd. ***cresc.*

once, I deemed the sto - ry true, When

*cresc.**Rd. ***Rd. ***Rd. ***Rd. **

con passione.

shad - ows fall, and love is all, You'll know I was faith - ful to

largamente.

you, — You'll know I was faith - ful to you! —

colla voce.

Faith - ful to you! —

Faith - - ful to

you! Faith - ful to you! —

*colla voce.**cresc. molto.**fff trem.*

* * *

“SOME ONE.”

19

FRANK N. SHEPPERD.

VOICE.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

f legato.

Andante.
mp con express.

Some-one is waiting for some - one,
Andante.

ritard.

Down by the brook in the dell, Some-one is wait-ing for

mp

Some - - one Wait-ing with love tales to tell.

ritard.

rit.

Some-one is list'- ning for some - - one, List'- ning his

p colla voce.

footsteps to hear; Some-one a - waits his ca -

a tempo.

mf espress.

ress - - es, Lov-ing, and kiss - es so dear.

rit. *p*

mf

p ritard.

Some-one is wait-ing, wait-ing for some - one, Down by the

mp

mp

f a tempo.

brook in the dell,

Some-one is com-ing,

f a tempo.

Some-one is blush-ing, Some-one loves some-one so well.

p ritard. *molto ritard e crescendo.*

ritard. cresc.

Tempo I.

f legato.

rit. ³

tenero.

Some-one is lov-ing and trust-ing, Some-one is los-ing her

ritard.

molto espress.

heart, Some-one is sigh-ing and weep-ing,

rall.

Knowing that soon they must part. Some-one is gone now, for-

colla voce.

rall.

ev- - er, Some-one is left all a - lone.

rall.

portamento.

molto express.

rit.

All - all a - lone with her sor - - row; Left bro-ken - heart - ed to

colla voce. *p* *rall.*

Dolente.

moan. Some-one is dead now, Some-one is weep-ing,

p

f a tempo.

Knowing he loves her too late! Some-one is wait - ing,

ritard. *f a tempo.*

ritard. *f recit. ad lib.* *ff*

wait-ing for some - one O'er by the Gate the Great Pear - ly Gate.

ritard. *f colla voce.* *f* *ff*

Red. *Rd.*

“DREAMS.”

BALLAD.

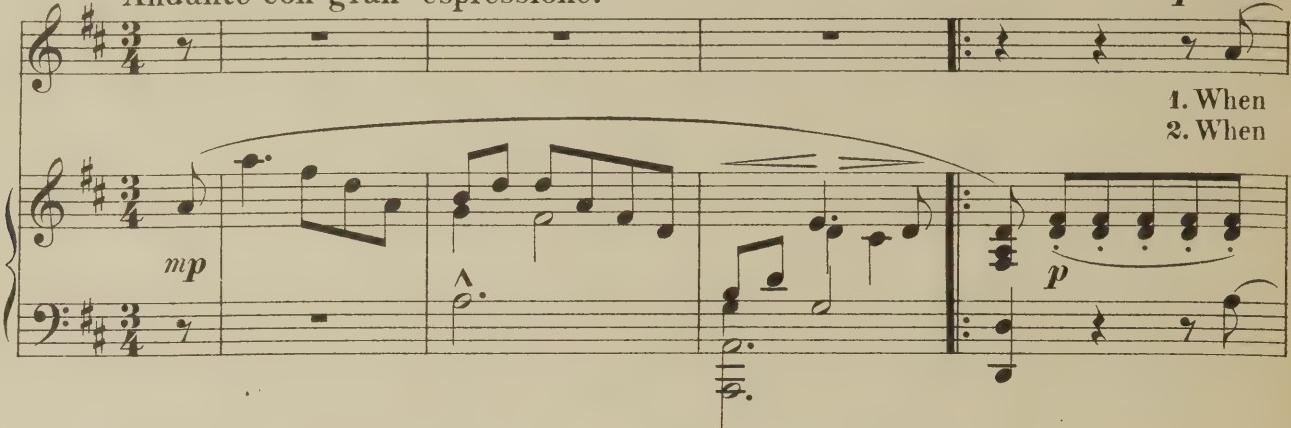
Words by the BARONESS PORTEOUS.

ANT. STRELEZKI.

Andante con gran espressione.

pe dolce.

VOICE.

1. When
2. When

PIANO.

twi - light comes with sha-dows drear I dream of thee dear one. And
I look back on hap-pier days My eyes are fill'd with tears. I

cantando.

grows my soul so dark and sad aye sad - der than the twi-light sha - dows
see thee then in vis - ions plain so true so gen - tle and so full of

drear. They tell me not to grieve love for thou wilt come. But
love. But now I fear to ask them if thou art 'live. They

dolce.

p

Ah! I can-not tell why I fear their words are false,
 tell me not to grieve, love! For thou wilt come at last,

p *rall.*

p *molto espress.*

1-2 Love I dream of thee! Love I dream of thee then thou'rt

p *pp*

cresc. molto.

with me, then thou'rt with me till I wake and find it all is a

poco a poco cresc. *f* *appass.* *rit.*

dream.

fa tempo. *f* *mf*

“Say you love me.”

(*SOPRANO or TENOR.*)

Words by MAURICE SAGAREZ.

A. STRELEZKI

Andante espressivo.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. You whisper soft - ly
in my ear, and say you love me tru - ly, You say your life is
all for me, e'en tho' I prove un - ru - ly; You press my hand and
sigh subdued, You woo with ten - der feel - ing, but love, I beg you,

dolciss.
mp
mp dolce.
p semplice.

mf
poco a poco

cresc.
f
decresc.
ten.

fervente.

molto cresc.

vow you love me, here be-fore me kneel - ing. For hearts are false, and

mp *molto cresc.*

promis-es A - las! are light - ly made.

f *p*

dolciss.

mp

2. True love is not so oft - en found, nor hearts that suit each

p semplice.

oth - er, At first, the world for them is bliss! but soon they love an -

poco a poco cresc.

oth - er. Ah! well I know my eyes, so blue, at - tract your kind at -

fervente.

ten - tion, but soon these charms will fade, then you will

decresc. *ten.*

molto cresc.

quite for-get to men - tion, that trusting wife who's left at home, Since

mp *molto cresc.*

youth and beau-ty fade.

f *p* *pp*

Rit.

MEMORIES.

Words by MARY MARK LEMON.

HOPE TEMPLE.

VOICE. PIANO.

Gold-en the Au - tumn glo - - ry, Gold-en the boughs a -

bove, But I wake a dream more gold - - en From the

past once crown'd with love. 'Twas here that we met and

*Ped.** *Ped.** *Ped.*

*

part-ed, 'Twas here that old vows were made, In the

*Ped.** *Ped.** *Ped.*

*

qui - et calm of the twi - - light, And the wav - ing al - der's

*p** *Ped.** *Ped.*

*

shade,

And there comes from the gold - en val - ley

A

*p** *Ped.** *Ped.*

*

voice from the far a - way _____ That tells me those hours of

f

glad - - ness Will come a - gain some day. _____ It

p

tells me that once you lov'd me, It

pp

tells me you love me yet, _____ That a -

f molto espress.

mid life's chang - es and sor - - - - - rows You

p

agitato.

nev - er have learnt to for - get. It

ff appassionato.

tells me that once you lov'd me, It

ff

Reed. * *Reed.* *

tells me you love me yet, That a -

ff

Reed. * *Reed.* *

ff

mid life's chang - es and sor - - - - rows You

Rwd. * *Rwd.*

love me, you love—— me yet.

Rwd. * *Rwd.* * *Rwd.*

Rwd. * *Rwd.* * *Rwd.*

p Tho' you and I are a - sun - - der, Part-ed by land and

p *Rwd.* * *Rwd.* * *Rwd.*

sea, _____ Our hearts are un - al - ter'd by dis - - - tance, Our
 love what it used to be; Tho' the ros - es fade with the
 sum-mer, Tho' the Au - tumn leaves fall fast, The
 flow'r of our life's glad Sum - - mer Shall blossom while life shall

last! For there comes a voice in the si - lence That
*
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

on - ly my soul can hear, And whis - pers of hope and
*
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

pa - - tience, And tells me the dawn is near! It
*
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

tells me that once you lov'd me, It
*
Ped. * Ped. *

tells me you love me yet, That a -

mid life's chang - es and sor - - - - rows You

nev - er have learnt to for - get. It

tells me that once you lov'd me, It

tells me you love me yet, _____ That a -
f
 Ped.
 * Ped.
 *

mid life's chang - es and sor - - - - rows, You
dim.
 Ped.
 *

nev - er have learnt to for - get.
p
 Ped.
 *

pp
 Ped.
 *

ppp
 Ped.
 *

ppp
 Ped.
 *

23 MY LADY'S BOWER.

Words by FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

Moderato con moto.

HOPE TEMPLE.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

Ped. Ped. Ped.

dolce.

Thro' the moat-ed Grange at twi-light, My love and I we

p *p*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

a tempo.

went, By emp - ty rooms and lone - ly stairs, In lov - ers'sweet con-tent, And round the
cresc.

rall.

Rwd.

old — and bro - ken case - ment We watch'd the ros - es flow'r

But the place we lov'd the best of all Was call'd "my La - dy's bower."

f

p

Rwd.

Rwd.

Rwd.

misterioso.

p

And with beat - ing hearts we en - ter'd, And stood and whis-per'd

low Of the sweet and love-ly la - dy Who liv'd there years a -

Softly.

go! And the moon shone in up - on us A - cross the dus-ty floor,

grazioso.

Tempo I.

Where her lit - tle feet had wan - der'd In the court - ly days of yore. And it

rall.

accel.

touch'd the fad-ed ar - ras And a - gain we seem'd to see The love-ly la - dy

Rwd.

rall. molto.

sit - ting there Her lov-er at her knee, And we saw him kiss her fair white hand And

Tempo agitato.

f

oh! we heard him say "I shall love thee, love, for ev - er, Tho' the years may pass a -

rall. poco a poco.

way! I shall love thee for ev - er! Tho' the years may pass a - way! —

cresc.

ff *dim.*

pp

Tho' the years may pass a -

rall.

Tempo I. *dolcissimo.*

way! — But then they van - ish'd in a mo - ment And we

Two Pedals. Two Pedals.

rall.

knew 'twas but a dream, It was not they who sat there in the

cresc. poco a poco. rall.

Two Pedals. Ped. Ped. Ped.

rall molto.

Tempo I.

sil - ver moon - light gleam! Ah! no 'twas we, we two to - geth - er Who had

mf

p.

Ped.

a tempo.

found our gold-en hour, And told the old old sto - ry With-

cresc.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

in "My La - dy's Bow'r;" And told the old old sto - ry —

Ped.

Tempo I.

With - in "My La - dy's Bow'r,"

dim.

Ped. Ped.

rall. al fine. ad lib.

With - in "My La - dy's Bow'r."

rall. pp una corda. pp Two Pedals.

Only a year ago.

Words by WHYTE MELVILLE.

F. PAOLO TOSTI.

*SOPRANO or TENOR.**Moderato.*

PIANO. { *p legato armonioso.*

The musical score consists of four systems of music. The first system shows the piano accompaniment in C minor, 2/4 time, with dynamic markings *p* and *legato armonioso*. The second system begins with the vocal line: "It came with the mer - ry May, love, It". The piano accompaniment features sustained chords and eighth-note patterns. The third system continues the vocal line: "bloom'd with the sum - mer prime, — In a dy - ing year's de -". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings *p* and *pp*. The fourth system concludes the vocal line: "cay, love, It bright - end the fad - ing time; — I". The piano accompaniment consists of simple harmonic chords.

rit.

thought it would last for a life, love, But it went with the win - ter

rit.

a tempo. e cresc.

snow, On - ly a year a - go, love,

a tempo. e cresc.

pp

On - ly a year a - go!

rit.

On - ly a year a - go!

col canto.

a tempo.

P

'Twas a

plant with a deep - er root, love, Than the blight-ing east - ern

tree, _____ For it grew in my heart, and the fruit, love, Was

bit - ter and bane - ful to me; _____ The poi - son is yet in my

rit.

brain, love, The thorn in my breast, for you know, 'Twas
rit. *col canto.*

on - ly a year a - go, love, On - ly a year a -

go!

rit. On - ly a year a - go! It
rit. *col canto.*

nev - er can bloom an - y more, love, For the plough hath pass'd o - ver the

pp a tempo.

a tempo.

spot; And the fur - row hath left its score, love, In the

a tempo.

rit. a tempo.

place where the flow - ers are not ____ 'Tis gone like a tale that is

rit. col canto.

a tempo.

told, love,

Like a dream it hath fleeted, Al - tho' 'twas

rit.

col canto.

a tempo.

cresc.

on - ly a year a - go, love, On - ly a year a -

go, 'Twas on - ly a year a - go, love,

cresc. *f col canto.* *affret.*

On - ly a year— a - go!

rit. *col canto.* *a tempo.* *dim.* *rit.*

English Ballads.

I.

Barnby,	Is it for me?	2
Cowen,	Love is a dream	8
Denza,	Sing to me	14
Faye,	Tell her I love her so	20
Hartog,	Swinging	24
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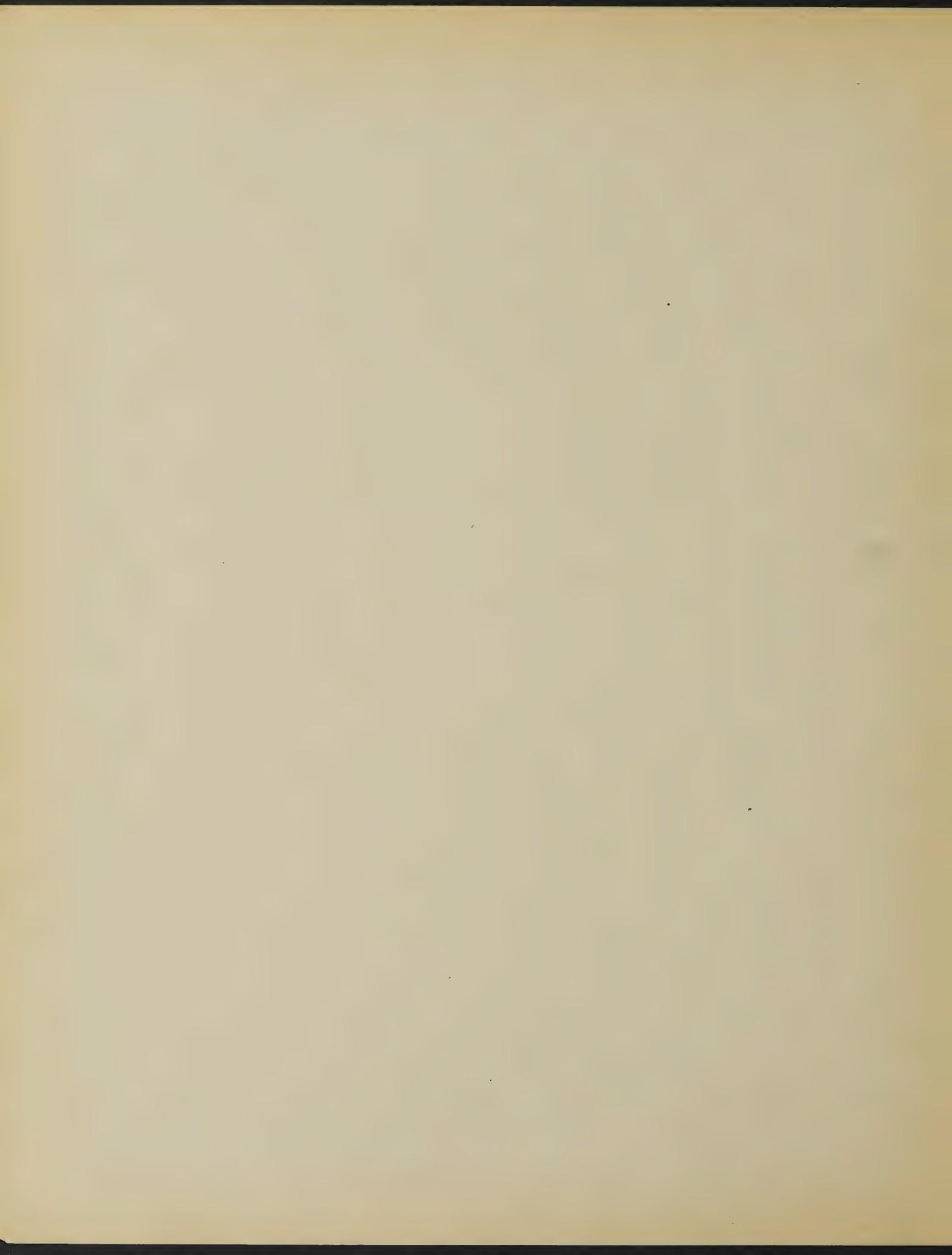
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Oh promise me.

Words by CLEMENT SCOTT.

R. de KOVEN, Op. 50.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

semplice. poco rall.

Coburg, 1869. by C. Schirmer.

p con tenerezza.

grew,— those first sweet vi - o - lets of ear - ly spring, Which

p marc. la melodia.

cresc.

come in whispers, thrill us both, and sing of love un-speak-a - ble that

cresc.

f rall.

is to be; Oh prom - ise me, oh prom - ise me!

f rall.

pesante.

p

f

mf poco rubato.

Oh prom - ise me, that you will take my

*poco rubato.**p*

hand, the most un - wor - thy in this lone - ly

land, and let me sit be - side you, in your eyes

See-ing the vis - ion of our par - a-dise,

ff largamente e con passione.

Hear-ing God's mes-sage while the

cresc.

or - gan rolls, its might - y mu - sic to our
 ver - y souls, no love less per-fect than a life with thee; Oh
 promise me, oh prom - ise me!

con forza. * *con forza.*

rall. *ff* *rall.* *ff* *a tempo.* *dim.*

p *rall.* *pp*

Eventide.

26

Words by E. W.

ANTON STRELEZKI.

Andantino espressivo.

Voice.

Piano.

sempre legato.

mf dolce.

mp con intimo sentimento. cresc.

mf

Ah! hap - py hours, ah! hap - py hours, That bring thee back to

p

me! What rap - ture in each fan - cied sound, That

p

ten.

ten.

cresc. - *mf*
 calls me back to thee! 'Tis not wrong to weep when the
ten. ten. ten. *mf*

f *3*
 heart is full, 'Tis not wrong to sigh, when ev'-ry hope is dull; For my
f

espress. *rit.*
 heart is heavy, and its cares are all for thee, *dolce.* for thee.
mp *p* *rit.*

Poco meno mosso.

p dolciss.

p dolciss.

Dear - est, come a gain, the hours de - part,

p ten. *colla voce.*

ten.

con Ped.

mf *ad lib.* *p ten.*

Come a - gain and soothe my ach - ing heart;

ten. *colla voce.* *ten.*

mf *cresc.* - - - - *f* *con passione.*

Come a-gain, come soon, the hours de-part, Come a - gain, — and soothe my

mf *cresc.* - - - - *f* *tenuto.*

ach - ing heart.

legato.

mf

con'fond.

mp con intimo sentimento. cresc.

mf

At ev - en-tide I dream of thee, A - las! I on - ly

p

p

dream! And I weep a - lone for thee, dear one, Be -

p *ten.* *ten.*

cresc. - *mf* neath the moon's sil - v'ry gleam. Ah! how si - lent - ly wears my

ten. *ten.* *ten.* *mf*

life a - way! Ah! how si - lent - ly I mourn the life - long day! For my

f

espress. *dolce.* *ten.* *rit.* soul is wear-y, and its cares are all for thee, for thee.

mp *p* *rit.*

Poco meno mosso.

11

p dolciss.

ten.

Dear - est, come a - gain, the hours de - part,

p ten.

colla voce.

ten.

con Ped.

Come a - gain, and soothe my ach - ing heart;

ten.

colla voce.

ten.

con Ped.

Come a-gain, come soon, the hours de-part, Come a - gain and soothe my

cresc.

f

ach - ing heart.

legato.

mf

con Ped.

I hae a Curl.

Words by
AMÉLIE RIVES.

HARRIET P. SAWYER.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

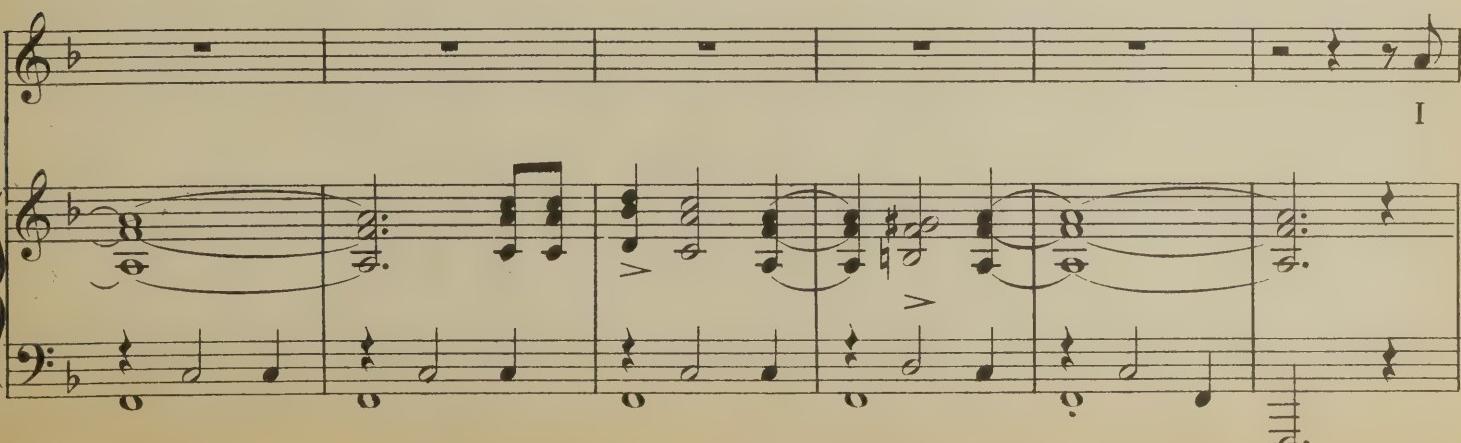
I hae a curl, a bright brown curl, A
bon - ny, bon - ny curl o' hair, And close to my heart it

nest - les warm, But its brith - ers din - na ken it's

there; But close to my heart it nest - les warm, But its

brith - ers din - na ken it's there.

I



stole my curl, my silk saft curl, My bon - ny, bon - ny curl o'

hair; And a' the nicht it sleeps up - on my heart, But its

mas - ter does - na ken its there; And

a' the nicht it sleeps up - on my heart, But its

mas - ter does - na ken its there.

0

bricht, briht curl! o lufe . ly, lufe - ly curl! o

curl o' my bon - ny, bo - ny dear! I wad that a-gain ye waur'

shin - in on his head, But I wad that his head waur
 here; I wad that a - gain ye waur

shin - in on his head, But I wad that his head waur

here.

17
"Afterwards."

MARY MARK LEMON.

JOHN W. MULLEN.

PIANO.

Con'td.

p

Af - ter the day has sung its song of sor - row,

And one by one the gold - en stars ap-pear, I lin-ger yet, where

p *poco rit.*

once we met, be-lov - ed, And seem to feel thy spir - it still is near.

colla voce.

dolce.

The flow'r's have fled that blossom'd in that spring-tide, The birds are mute that

sang their songs a-bove, And tho' the years have drift-ed us a-sun - der,

dolce.

Time cannot break the gold-en chain of love. Still we can love al-

rit. *a tempo.*

cresc.

tho' the shadows gath - er, Still we can hope, un - til the clouds be past;

cresc.

Come to my heart, and whisper thro' the si - lence, "Hope on, dear heart, our
ff
Rit.
lives shall meet at last."

a tempo.

p espress.
Some-times my heart grows
p

weary of its sad - ness, Some-times my life grows weary of its pain,
rall.

p

Then love I wait, and lis - ten for your whis - per, Till fears de-part, and

sunshine comes a-gain. It cannot be that we should part for ev - er,

That love's sweet song is hush'd for us al-way; I hear it yet, al -

tho' its theme be al - ter'd, 'Twill reach thy heart, and bring thee back some day.

rit.

p

Love we can love, al - tho' the shadows gath - er, Still we can hope un -

p

Ped.

cresc.

til the clouds be past; Come to my heart! and

ff

whisper thro' the si - lence, "Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."

p

rit.

"Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."

Lento.

rit.

Ped.

Biondina.

Allegretto. ($\text{♩} = 88$)

FREDERIC N. LÖHR.

Voice.

Piano.

Allegretto. ($\text{♩} = 88$)

Voice.

Piano.

p con express.

Lit - tle face with

rall.

hair of brown, Out of the vine - leaves

look - ing down, Flow'r ____ of my life ____ in the

p espress.

far off town,— Bion - di - na!

*pp colla parte.**dolce.*

Lit - tle face pressed close to me — As we drift a - way on the

*dolce.**cresc.*

moon - lit sea, All — of my heart for thee, for thee,—

f affrett.

Bion - di - na! Bion - di - na!

*p colla parte.**pp rall.*

mf a tempo.
rall.

p con amore
pp a tempo.

 white and cold, Lit - tle hands that the lil - ies hold,

appass.
p espress.
pp colla parte.

affrett.

na! O my love for the years to be,
dolce. *affrett.*

cresc.

Des - o-late land, and bit - ter sea;
cresc.

f appass.

All ____ of my life gone out with thee ____
f appass.

*p espress.**, pp rall.*

Bion - di - na! Bion - - - di - - - na!

*p colla parte.**pp rall.*

pp

Lit - tle face where the An - - gels are

a tempo.

pp una corda.

Bend, oh bend o'er the Heav-en - lybar, I am so lone, and

espress.

thou so fair, Bion - di - na!

espress.

a tempo.

rall. *tre corde. *mf**

fagittato

Leave me nothere in the years — to be,

fagittato

accel.

Speak to me, call to me, com - fort me And
accel. ed marcato.

passione ed accel.

draw me home to thy heart and thee, —
colla parte.

p espress. *rall.* *pp*

Bion - di - na! Bion - di - na! Biondi -

p *rall.* *pp*

na!
Vivace.
pp una corda

Red.

30

Margarita.

Allegretto. (♩ = 88.)

FREDERIC N. LÖHR.

Voice.

Piano.

She pass'd along the sea
was lap - - ping

dark old street,
sweet and fair

Mar - - - - ga - ri - - - ta! Heav'n
Mar - - - - ga - ri - - - ta! We

cresc.

shed its moon-light at her feet,
float - ed from the mar - ble stair,

Mar - - - - ga - ri - - - Mar - - - - ga - ri - - -

ta! O danc - ing eyes O soft brown hair! Was
ta! O danc - ing waves O night di - vine! O

ff con passione.

ev - er rose in Heav'n so fair? And O my heart I
dark true eyes that look'd in mine! - O lips that whis - per'd

ff colla parte.

lov'd her so, Long a - go, long a - go,
soft and low, Long a - go, long a - go,

p colla parte.

pp rit. 1.
Mar - ga-ri - ta!
Mar - ga-ri -

I

2.

dolce. 12

ta!

pp

mf a tempo.

sempre pp

12

pass ____ a - long ____ thy moon - lit street

Mar - - - ga - ri - - - ta! I

lis - ten for thy sing - ing sweet ____

sostenuto

pp

molto

Mar - - ga - ri - - - ta! I

pp

espress.

on - ly find — a dark - ened place, White lil - ies round thy —

calando.

colla parte.

calando.

cresc.ed accel.

pale, pale face, And thou art gone from

cresc.ed accel.

me — I know — with all — the light — of

long a - go!

p

But

rall.

C

C

C

Tempo I.

in the night up - - on the sea

pp una corda.

8

Mar - - - ga - ri - - ta!

poco cresc.

Out - - of the stars thou call - - est me,

poco cresc.

8

Mar - - ga - ri - - ta! I

f grandioso.

tre corde.

molto cresc.

hear thy voice, I see thee there, Thou wait - est on the
sempre marcato. *cresc.*

ff gold - en stair; And thou art mine, the same I know,
ff

allargando. My on - ly love, my on - ly love, My love of long a -
allargando. *colla voce.*

go!

ff a tempo. *fff*

3)

Because.

Words by
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Andante non troppo.

P.GIORZA.

Voice.

Piano.

It is not because your heart is mine, _____ Mine

on-ly, mine a - lone; It is not because you chose me, weak and

lonely, for your own; Not be - cause the earth is
 fair - er, — not be - cause the earth is fair - er, — and the
 skies spread a - bove you, and the
 skies spread a - bove you are more

affrettando.

ra - diant for the shin - ing of your eyes

affrettando.

Lento.

sempre più lento.

that I love you;

Lento.

p

But because this human love, though true and sweet, yours and mine

rall.

has been sent by love more tender, more complete and more di -

poco affrettando.

vine, more complete and more di - vine:

Tempo I.

That it leads, it leads our hearts to rest at last, to

rest at last in heav - en, in heav - en far a -

bove you; Do I take you as a

gift that God has giv
en,

pp

ff Largo.

And I love you, and I

ff

love you.
Più vivo.

Love me.

Words by
Mrs. E. B. BROWNING.

P. GIORZA.

Andantino.

a tempo.

Voice. C

Piano. C

Love me, — love

rall.

me with thy voice that turns sud-den faint a -

bove- me; Love me, — love me — with thy

*rit. molto.**a tempo.*

blush that burns when I murmur "Love me."

*rit. molto.**a tempo.*

Love me — with thy thinking soul, Break it, break it — to love —

p

sigh - ing,

Love — me — with that thoughts that rolls

on though

liv - ing, dy - ing.

Love me in thy gor - geous

*rit.**pp**f*

airs ————— When the world has crown - ed thee; Love me,
p

kneel - ing at thy prayers, ————— With the an - gels round
rall.

thee, ————— with the an - ————— gels round

thee Love — me, ————— love — me! —————

33

At the convent gate.

Words by
FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

F. P. TOSTI.

Moderato. ($\text{♩} = 88$.)

Voice.

Piano.

stood at eve by a con-vent gate, And a maiden passed me by, — The

Voice.

Piano.

shad-ow of that maiden's fate Lay on her tear-dimmed eye —

Voice.

Piano.

cresc.

Out of the sun - light, bright and fair, In - to that pris - on

Voice.

Piano.

cresc.

rit.

gray, While her heart flies back to the days that were, And the

col canto.

Sostenuto. ($\text{♩} = 66.$)

love she leaves to - day. Good bye to hope, good

col canto.

p a tempo.

bye to love, The con-vent gates un - roll, We may not meet till

heavn a- bove Shall call us, soul to soul Ah!

pp

The con-vent gate un - roll, We

may not meet till heav'n a - bove Shall call us, soul to

col canto.

Tempo I.

soul." Once

more I stood by the con - vent gate As the Host passed down the

pp molto legato.

hill, — And the tale of the lit - tle maid - en's fate

Haunt - ed my dream - ing still The bells rang out with

cresc.

sol - emn tone, A re - quiem rose and fell, And I

cresc.

rit.

knew that the faith - ful heart had flown To the love she loved so

col canto.

col canto.

Sostenuto. ($\text{♩} = 66$)

well.

pp

Good bye to earth! The

shad - ows flee! The gates of heav'n un - roll, My

love, my love, I come to thee For ev - er, soul to

soul." Ah! The

pp

gates of heav'n un - roll, My love, my love, I
 come to thee For ev - er, soul to soul.
col canto.
 "Good - - - bye good - - -
 bye."

34

48
Beauty's Eyes.

F. E. WEATHERLY.

(Soprano or Tenor.)

Lentamente. ($\text{♩} = 44$)

Piano.

F. PAOLO TOSTI.

pp molto legato.

1. I want no
2. I hear no

stars in heav'n to guide me, I need no moon, no sun to
birds at twi-light call-ing, I catch no mu-sic in the

shine, While I have you, sweet-heart, be - side me, While I
streams, While your gold - en words are fall - ing, While you

know that you are mine. I need not fear what - e'er be -
whis - per in my dreams. Ev - 'ry sound of joy en -

tide me, For straight and sweet my path-way lies, I want no
thral - ling, Speaks in your dear voice a - lone, While I

stars in heav'n to guide me, While I gaze in your dear
hear your fond lips call - ing, While you speak to me, mine

eyes, I want no stars in heav'n to guide me, While I
own, While I hear your fond lips call - ing, While you

ten.

gaze in your dear eyes.
speak to me, mine own.

col canto. *a tempo.*

p

3. I want no king-dom where thou art, love, I want no

p

throne to make me blest, While with -

rit.

in thy ten-der heart, love, Thou wilt take my heart to

cresc.

rest. Kings must play a wea-ry part, love,

cresc.

Thrones must ring with wild a - larms, But the king - dom of my

heart, love, Lies with - in thy lov - ing arms; But the

king - dom of my heart, love, Lies with - in thy lov - ing
ten.
col canto.

arms.
a tempo. **f** **pp**

35

When first we met.

EDWARD OXENFORD.

WILLIAM REES.

Andante espressivo.

VOICE.

When first we met! — Ah! can you

PIANO.

poco rit.
still — That day and hour — so sweet re - call? —

rit.
When fate put forth its might - y will, And held the hearts of both in
rit.

thrall; We did not know, nor you, nor I,
dolciss.
pp

How soon to flow'r _____
 love's bud - let grew! _____

But on - ly this _____ we knew not
rit.

why, _____ That you lov'd me, _____ and I lov'd you! _____
rit.

pp sotto voce.
 Just one touch of fin-gers, _____ Love, when first we met, _____
pp express. col canto.

poco allarg.

In _ youth's gold - en spring - time, Can _ you e'er for - get?

sotto voce.
pp a tempo.

Just _ one sigh _ in part - ing, Knowing words were vain,

pp

cresc. ed agitato molto. *sempre agitato.* > > >

Hop - ing that life's path - ways Soon would meet a - gain, would meet a -

cresc. ed agitato.

con forza.

gain, a - gain!

allarg.

colla parte. *f più mosso.* *rit.*

When first we met! — How strange it seems —

To breathe those words — in af - ter years; — For past are

rit. youth - tide's hal - cyon dreams, With all their chang - ing hopes and *rit.*

fears! The gold - en now — has turned — to gray, —

dolciss.

pp

But time has failed — a change to see,

It still ap - pears — our meet - ing day, — For I love

you, — and you love me! — Just one touch of

fingers, — Love, when first we met, — In youth's gold - en

poco allarg.

spring - time, Can you e'er for - get? Just one sigh in

cresc. *colla parte.* *pp*

cresc. ed agitato molto.

part-ing, Know-ing words were vain, Hop - ing that life's

cresc. ed agitato.

sempe agitato.

path - ways Soon would meet a - gain, would meet a - gain, a -

allarg. *f* *allarg.* *colla parte.*

gain!

f più mosso. *rit.*

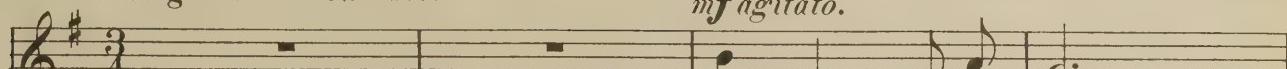
Love me if I live.

Words by BARRY CORNWALL.

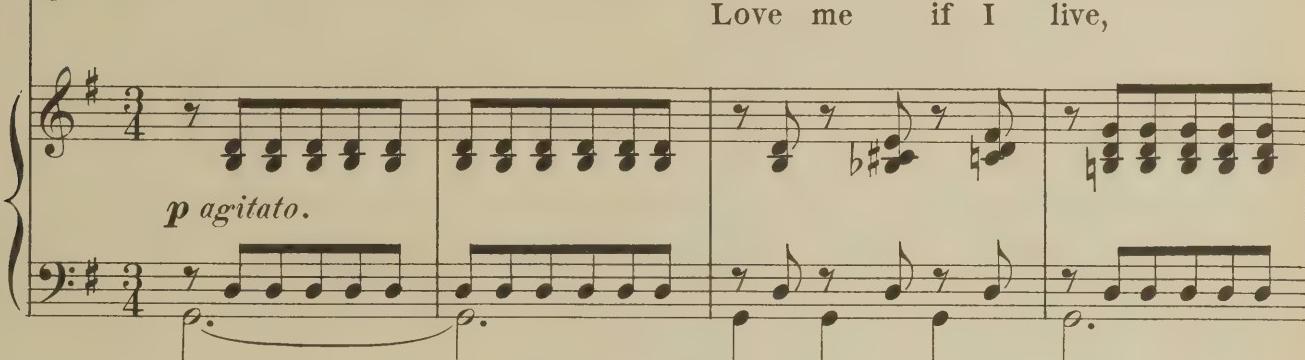
Allegro vivace. ($\text{♩} = 126$)

FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Voice.

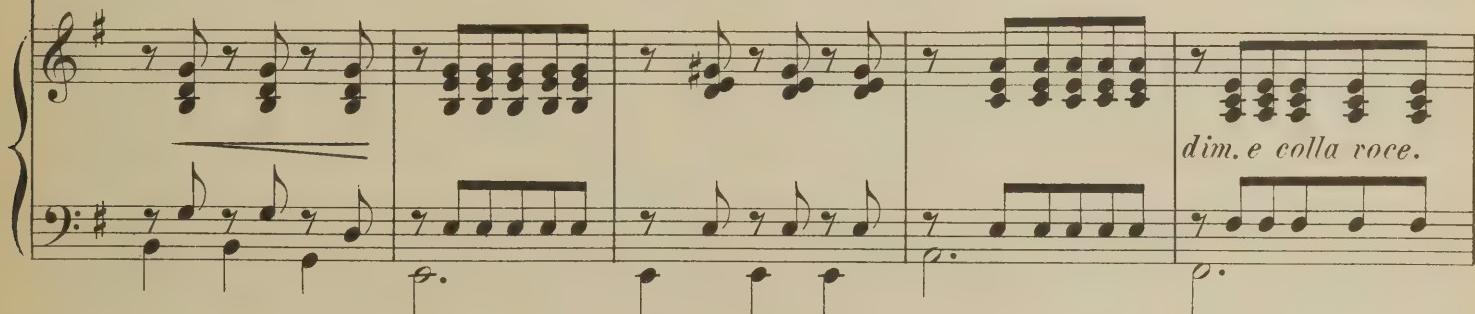


Piano.



dim. e poco rit.

Love me if I die, What is life or death to me So that thou art



a tempo.

p

cresc.

nigh.

Once I loved thee rich,

Now I love thee poor;

a tempo.

p

cresc.

Ah! what is there I could not For thy sake en - dure,

colla voce.

p *poco rit.* Ah! what is there I could not For thy sake en - dure. *a tempo.*

p *poco rit.* *p* *a tempo.*

p *poco meno.* Kiss me for my love,

rit. *poco meno.*

*

Pay me for my pain; Come and mur - mur in mine ear

dim.

dim.

How thou lov'st a - gain, Come and mur-mur in mine ear

pp *rall.*

pp *rall.*

pp

Tempo I.
p agitato.

How thou lov'st a - gain! Love me if I live,

rit.

pp *p agitato.*

Love me if I die; What is life or death to me

dim. e poco rit. *a tempo.*

So that thou art nigh; What is life or death to me,

dim. e poco rit. *a tempo.*

cresc.

What is life or death to me So that thou art nigh,

cresc.

So that thou art nigh; What is life or death to me, What is life or

f sempre agitato.

death to me So that thou art nigh, So that thou art

poco rit. *ff.*

nigh.

poco rit. *ff.* *poco rit.* *ff.*

ff a tempo.

7460 *Rit.* *

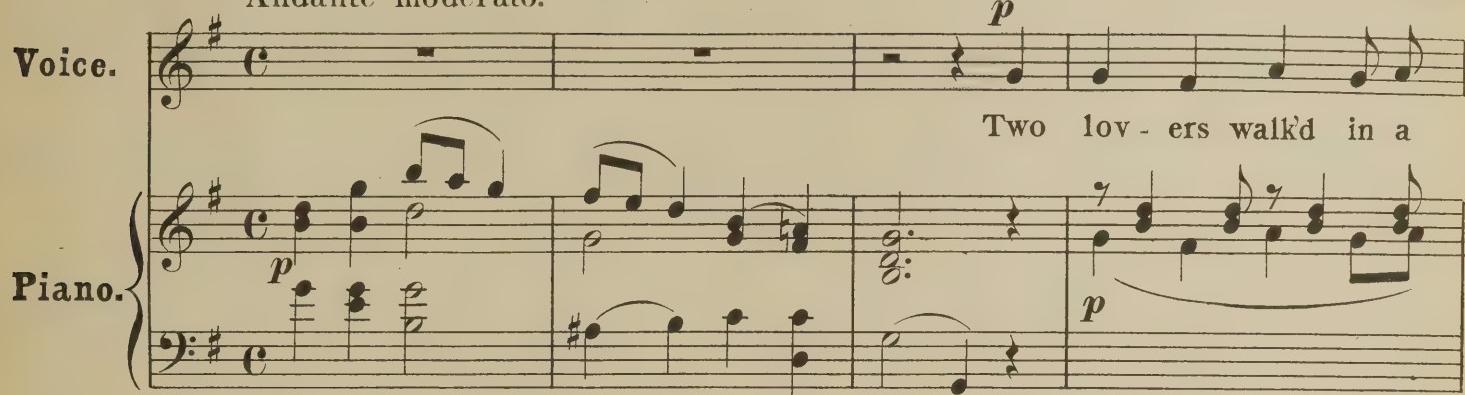
The Angel Came.

37

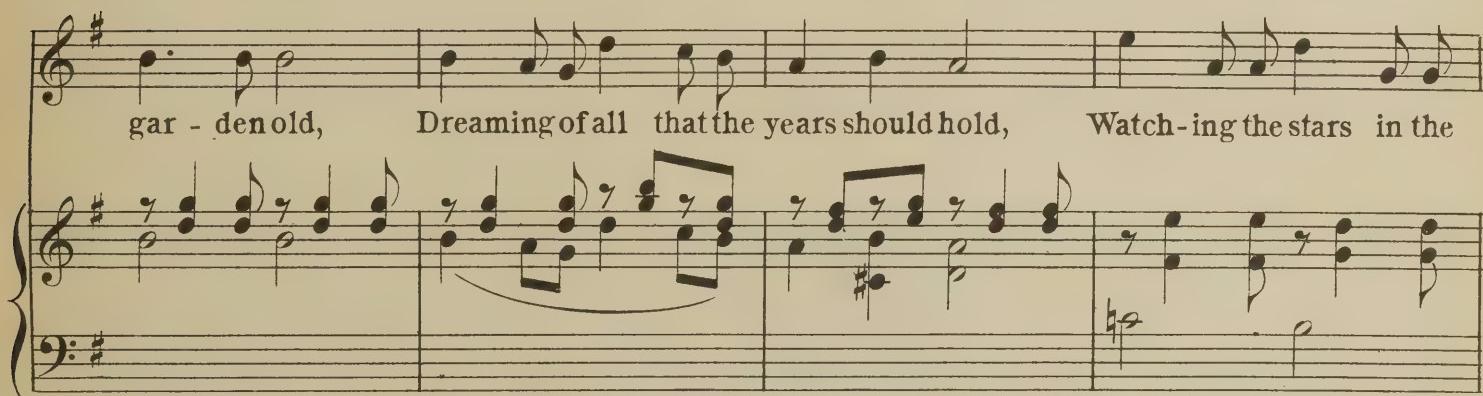
Words by
G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Andante moderato.

FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Voice. 

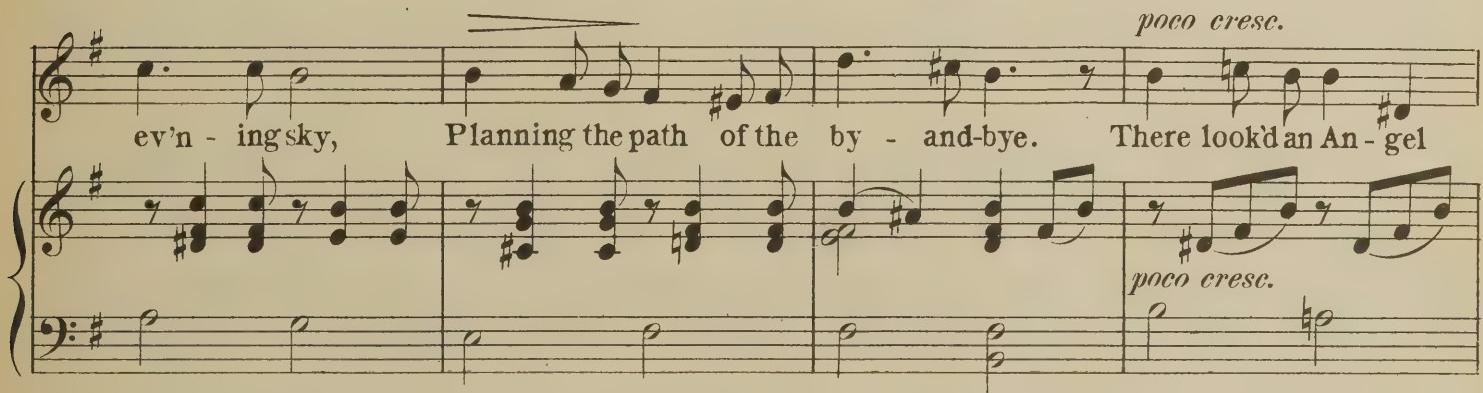
Two lov - ers walk'd in a



poco cresc.

ev'n - ing sky, Planning the path of the by - and-bye. There look'd an An - gel

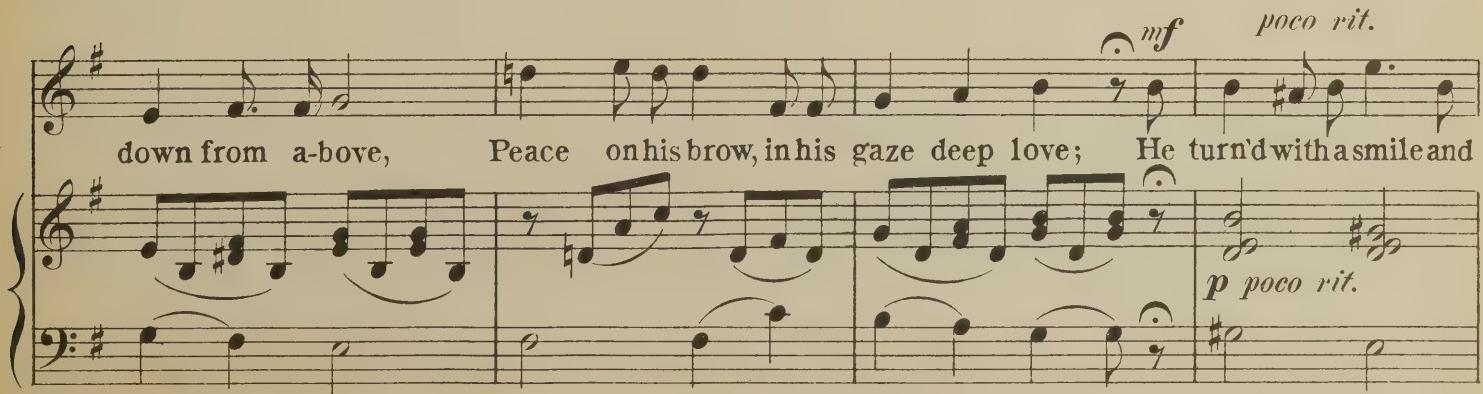
poco cresc.



mf *poco rit.*

down from a-bove, Peace on his brow, in his gaze deep love; He turn'd with a smile and

p poco rit.



*mf più lento.***p**

bow'd his head, "Not yet will I come!" the An - gel said.

*mf più lento.***p**

Two lov - ers stood in the

p

sun - light glow, Clasp - ing their hands with a whis - per low,

He looking in - to her eyes as they stand, She at the ring on her wedding hand.

Still look'd the An - gel down from high, Tears in his eyes, in his heart a sigh;

poco cresc.

mf poco rit.

65

mf più lento.

Roses and thorns in the path they tread, "Not yet will I come!" the An - gel

p poco rit.

mf più lento.

p

Tempo I. *p*

said: Two lov-ers sat in the shad-ow dim, Singing to - geth-er an

Tempo I.

dim.

old lov'd hymn, See-ing toge-th-er, in fire - light glow, Man-y a face of the

dim.

rit.

mf

long a - go.

a tempo.

Then smil'd the An - gel

watch - ing still,

p rit.

Rit.

* *Rit.*

*

Hearing the sigh, "Is it yet His will?" With wide - open'd arms and a low-breath'd name, And a

cresc.

mes - sage of rest, the An - gel came, Then smil'd the An - gel,

cresc.

watch - ing still, Hear - ing the sigh, "Is it yet His will?" With

cresc.

colla voce.

lunga.

* *lunga.*

* *lunga.*

lunga.

rit.

lunga. *p* *molto rall. al Fine.*

or arms, and a low breath'd name, And a mes - sage of rest, the

wide - open'd arms, and a low breath'd name, And a mes - sage of rest, the

rit. *p* rit. *p* molto rall. *al Fine.* *p*

rit. *p* rit. *p* molto rall. *al Fine.* *pp*

An - gel came.

An - gel came.

a tempo.

rall.

The Kissing Gate.

Words by
G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

Au - tumn land was rus - set clad, The leaves were turn-ing brown; At

eve they walked, a lass and lad A - cross the fields from town A -

cresc.

cross the fields and thro' the copse, And down the qui-et lea;

mf

But at the kiss-ing gate he stops "Please pay the toll" says he.

poco rit.

a tempo.

mf

mf poco rit.

a tempo.

p a tempo.

When they wish to walk this way, Morn-ing, noon or

dim. e rall.

p a tempo.

cresc.

mf poco rit.

twi - light late, Lass-es all the toll must pay, Pass-ing thro' the kiss - ing

cresc.

mf colla voce.

a tempo.

gate.

mf

Then

a tempo.

mf

dim.

f

an - ger lights her sun - ny eyes And curls her lip with scorn; "I'll

p

never pay the toll, she cries, Though you stood there till morn; I'll

f

turn and go the oth-er way Al-though 'tis long-er far." But

mf

p

rit.

this is all he has to say A - cross the wick-et bar! —————

p rit. a tempo.

p a tempo.

When they wish to walk this way, Morning, noon, or

dim e rall.

*p a tempo.**cresc.**mf poco rit.*

twi - light late, Lass - es all the toll must pay Pass ing thro' the kiss ing

*cresc.**f colla voce.**a tempo.**pp slower.*

gate!

But

a tempo.*dim.*

pres - ent - ly be whisper'd low; She shy - ly turned her head; 'Twas

pp slower.

mf

"dear, you know I love you so; And when shall we be wed?" Ah,

Tempo I.

then her blushes came and went, As with a lov - er's smile, He

mf
Tempo I.

rit. a tempo.

took the toll from lips down bend, And o - pen'd wide the stile!

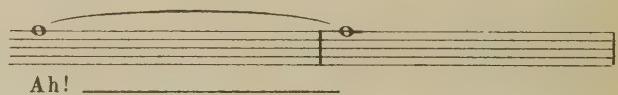
mf
colla voce. a tempo.

p

— When they wish to walk this way

dim. p

Morn-ing, noon, or twi-light late, Lass-es all the toll must pay



poco rit. *mf a tempo.*

Passing thro' the kiss-ing gate! When they wish to walk this way,

cresc.

Morn - ing, noon, or twi - light late, Lass - es all the

f rit.

toll must pay, Passing thro' the kiss - ing gate!

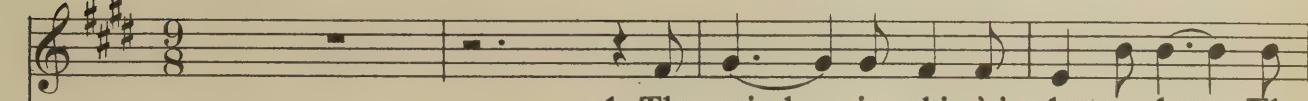
f colla voce. *a tempo.* *f*

Serenade.

W. H. NEIDLINGER

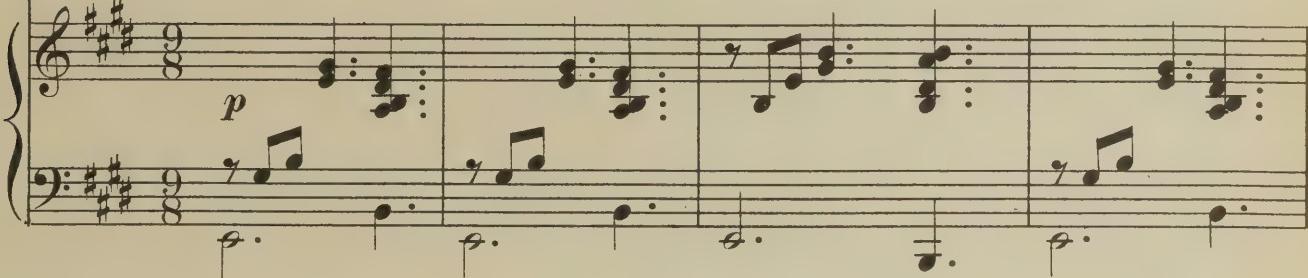
Andante con affezione.

Voice.

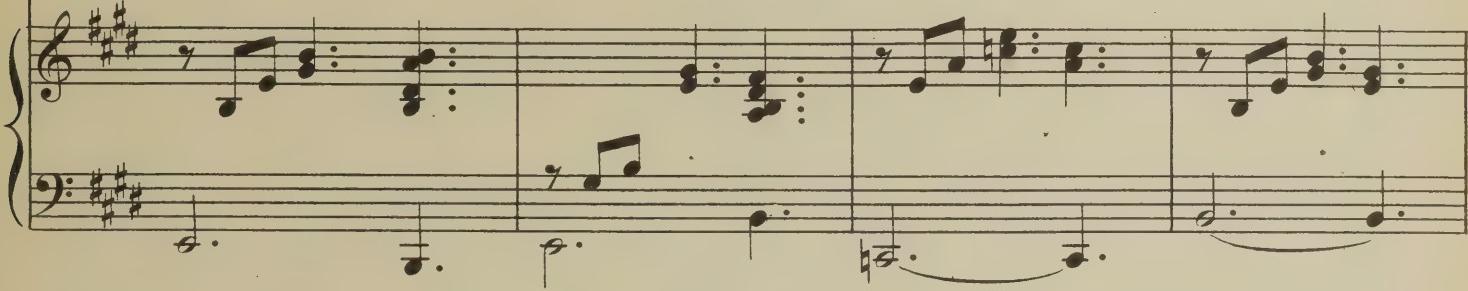


1. The wind — is whisp'ring low, my love, The

Piano.



moon — is ris-ing slow, my love,— and I, love,— thy true love,— am



keep - ing watch o'er thee; — so sleep, love,— for I _____ am



keep - ing watch o'er thee.

L.H.



2. The stars are shining bright, my love,— The

p

heav'ns are all a - light, my love,— so sleep love,— my true love,— thou

gift of God to me; so sleep, love,— for I am

keep— ing watch o'er thee.

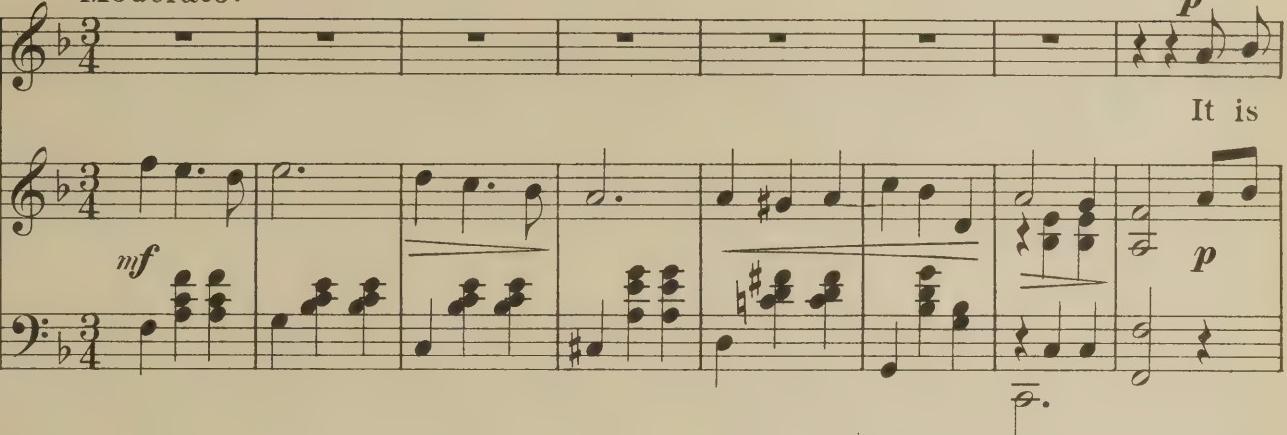
L.H.

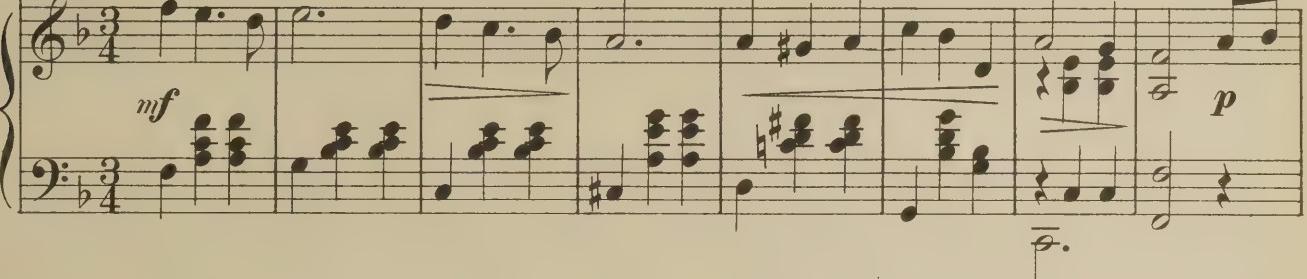
Only a Rose.

410

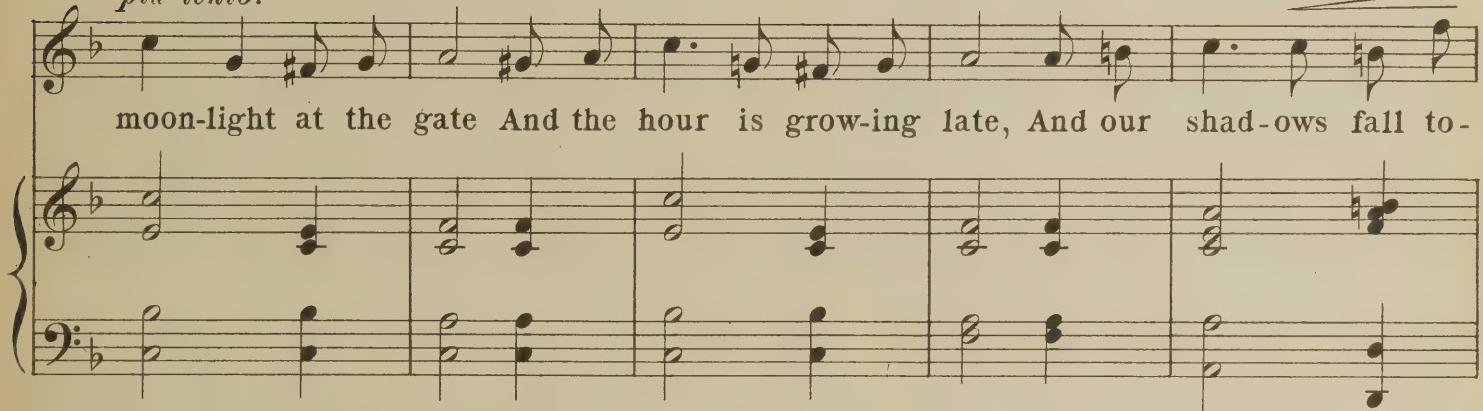
MILTON WELLINGS.

Moderato.

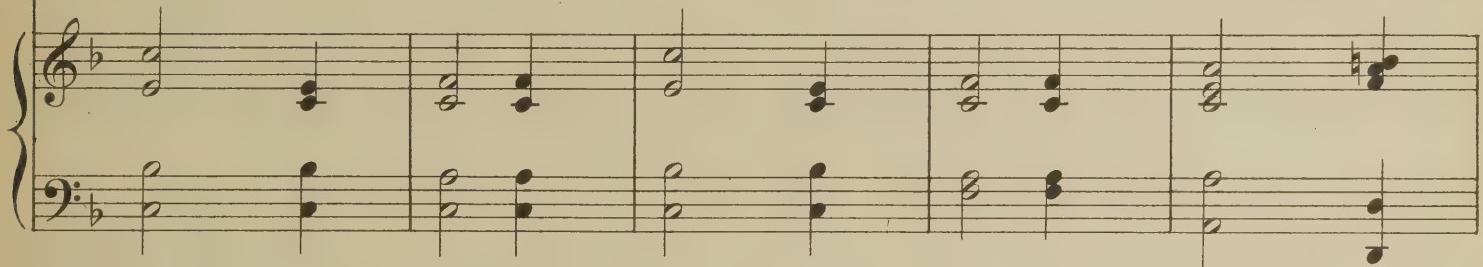
VOICE. 

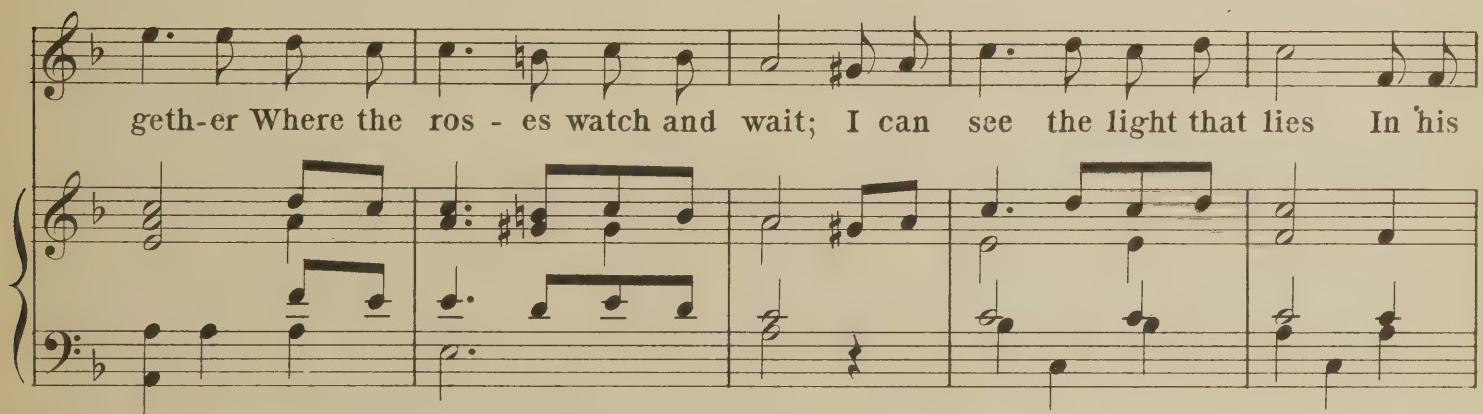
PIANO. { 

più lento.

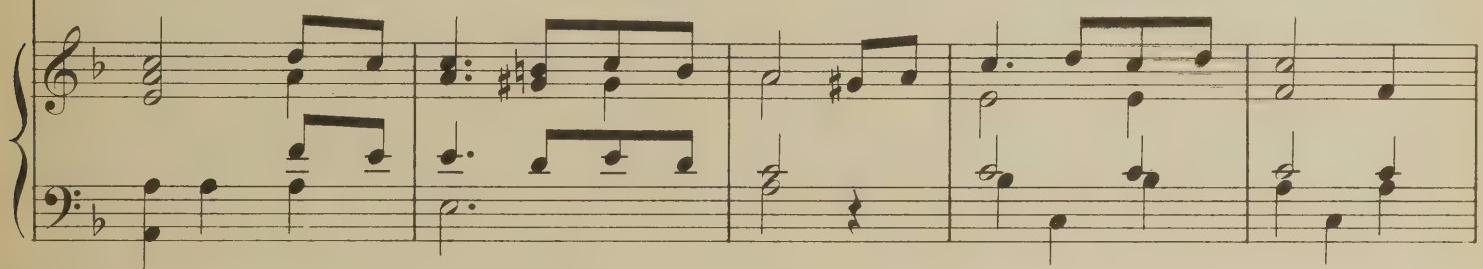


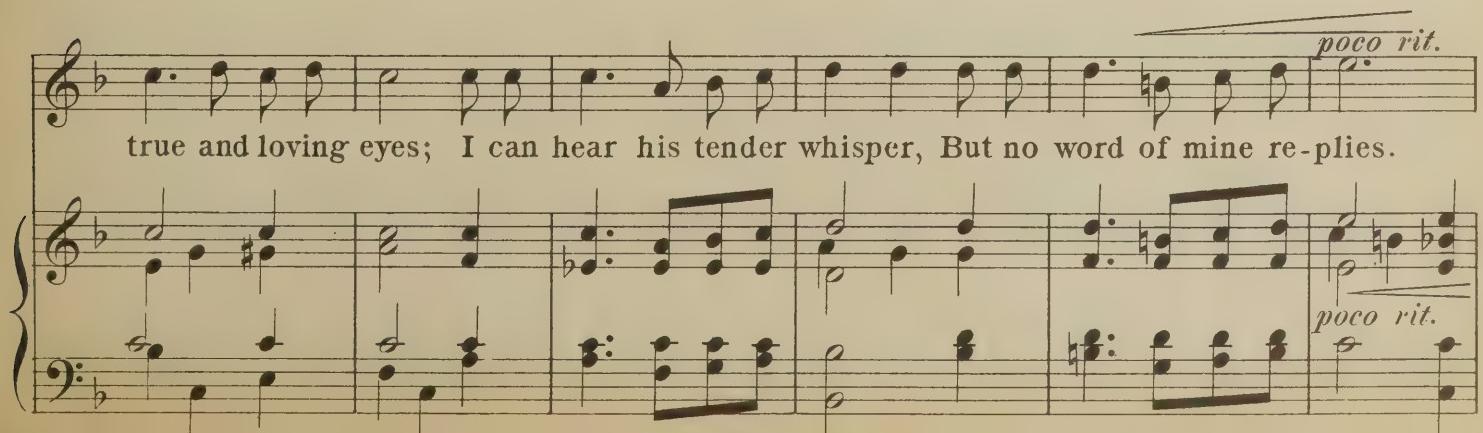
moon-light at the gate And the hour is grow-ing late, And our shad-ows fall to-



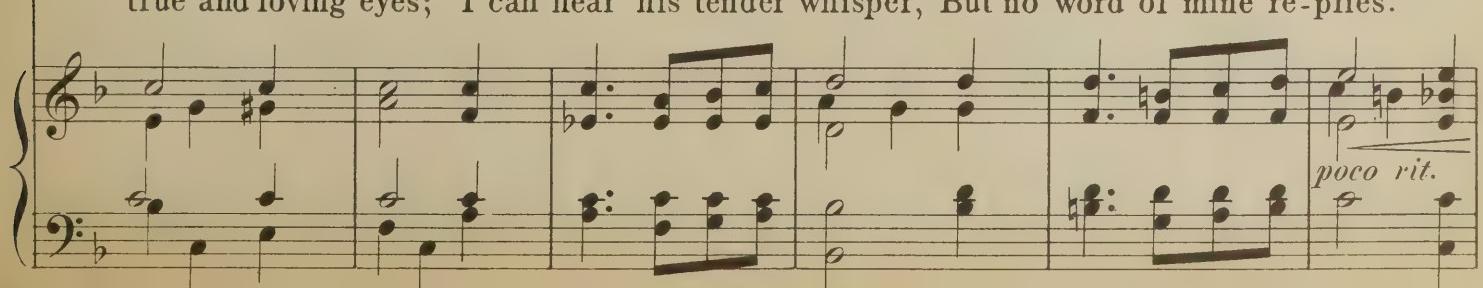


geth-er Where the ros - es watch and wait; I can see the light that lies In his





true and loving eyes; I can hear his tender whisper, But no word of mine re-plies.



Tempo I.

mf teneramente.

On-ly a rose, On-ly a rose, On-ly a rose and a word un - said:

p

Fragrant of years, mem'ries and tears Live in the heart, when love lies dead.

rall. a tempo.

Moderato.

He is

pleading for a rose From my hand before he goes, And our shadows lie yet closer Where the

moon its silv-er throws; But I laugh a low re-ply As I feign to wonder why, And the

poco rit.

rose is nev-er giv-en, Though the mo-ments hur-ry by.

Tempo I.

mf teneramente.

On-ly a rose, On-ly a rose, On-ly a rose and a word un - said:

rall. a tempo.

Fragrant of years; mem'ries and tears Live in the heart, when love lies dead.

rall. a tempo.

Più lento.

But the ros-es all are gone, And a man-y moons have shone, But they

throw no more our shadows The gar-den path up - on; For the long a-go is

dead, And tears are vain-ly shed For a red rose once un - giv-en, And a

Tempo I.
p teneramente.

word once left un - said.

On - ly a rose,

On - ly a rose,

On - ly a rose and a word un - said: Fragrant of years

mem'ries and tears

Live in the heart, when love lies dead.

ad lib.

colla voce. p a tempo.

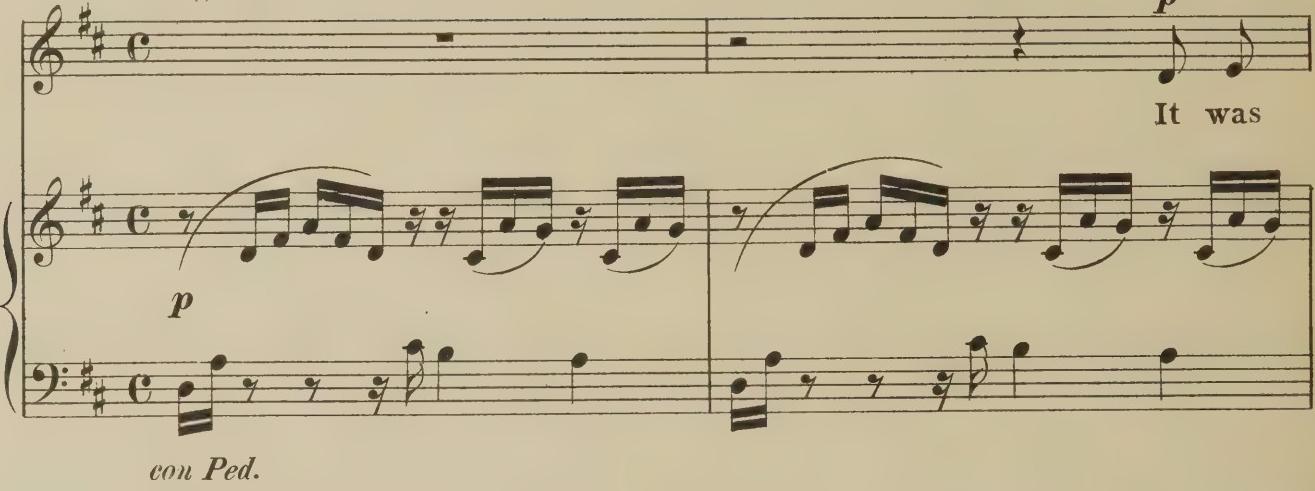
pp

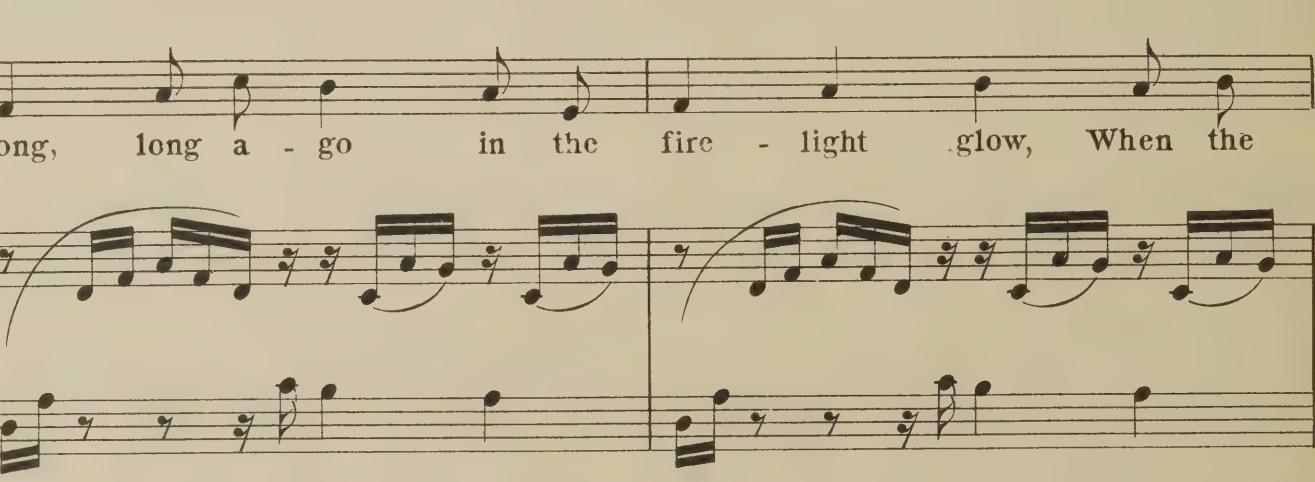
An Autumn Story.

Words by
G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

LAWRENCE KELLIE.

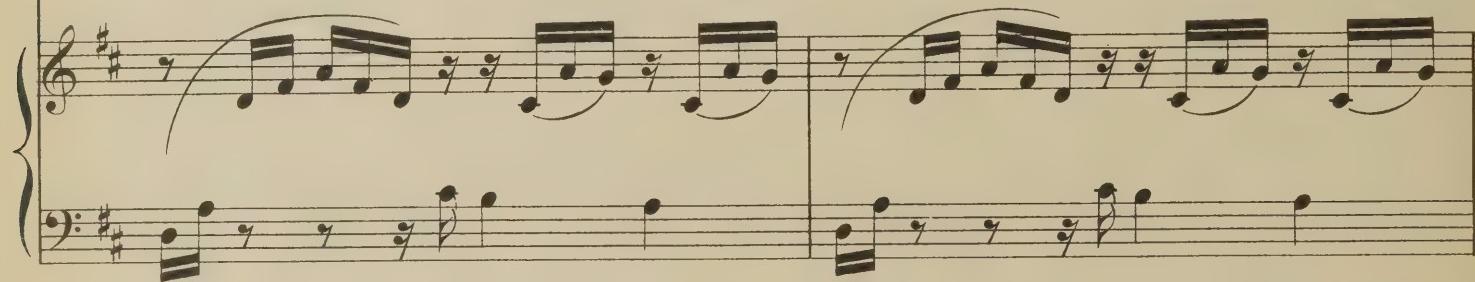
Allegretto.

Voice.  It was

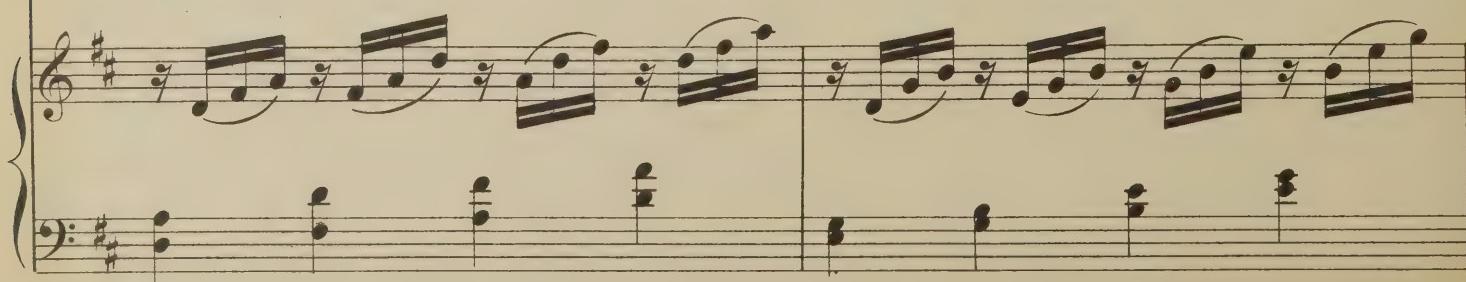
Piano. 

con Ped.

long, long a - go in the fire - light glow, When the



year was grow - ing old, With the



wind and the rain at the win - dow pane, That the

sto - ry sweet was told. Just a whis - per'd word in the

gloam - ing heard, Just a vow to be brave and

true; With a smile so shy and a low re - ply And a

poco rall.

sigh as we said a - - dieu.

poco rall.

p a tempo.

On - - ly a sto - ry, an Au - - tumn sto - ry,

p a tempo.

Long, long a - go in the fire - light told: Ah! Spring-time or Sum - mer,

Au - tumn or Win - ter, Love is the sto - ry that grows not old.

f

p

It was

p

long, long a - go and we wait - - ed so Till the

leaves of our lives turned gold; But the

time went past and we meet at last And we

love as we lov'd of old. Now as

then we stand face to face, hand in hand, With the

same ten- der words to say; For the

sto - ry told in the days of old Is the

poco rall.

sto - - ry that lives al - - way.

poco rall.

p a tempo.
 On - ly a sto - ry, an Au - tumn sto - ry,

p a tempo.

Long, long a - go in the fire - light told: Ah! Spring-time or Sum - mer,

Au - tumn or Win - ter, Love is the sto - ry that grows not old.

One Morning, Oh! so Early.

Words (from "Mopsa the Fairy") by
JEAN INGELOW.

Allegretto moderato.

A. G. THOMAS.

PIANO.

The musical score consists of five staves of music for voice and piano. The top staff shows the piano accompaniment, featuring a treble clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The vocal line begins on the second staff with a treble clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, with musical markings such as 'accel.', 'rall.', and 'pp' indicating performance dynamics. The piano part continues on the bottom staff, providing harmonic support throughout the piece.

One morn - ing, oh! so

accel. rall. pp

ear - ly, my be - lov - ed, my be - lov - ed, All the

birds — were sing-ing blithe - ly, As though nev - er would they

cease.

'Twas a thrush sang in my gar - den,

cresc.

"Hear the sto - ry, hear the sto - ry!"

And the lark sang,—

cresc.

"Give us glo - ry!"

And the dove sang— "Give us peace!"

cresc.

And the dove sang— "Give _____ us

dim.

peace!"

Then I

accel.

rall.

lis - tend, oh! so ear - ly, my be - lov - ed, my be -

lov - ed, To that mur - mur from the wood - land, Of the

dove, — my dear, — the dove; When the night - in - gale came

cresc.

af - ter — "Give us fame to sweet - en du - ty!"

cresc.

When the wren sang — "Give us beau - ty!" She made answer, "Give us

cresc.
love!" She made an - swer —
cresc.

dim.
"Give us love!"
dim.

accel.

Sweet is spring — and sweet the morn - ing, My be -
rall.

lov - ed, my be - lov - ed, Now for us _____ doth spring, doth

morn - ing wait up - on the year's in - crease.

And my pray'r goes up "Oh give us,

Crown'd in youth with mar - riage glo - - ry,

Give for all our life's dear sto - ry, Give us love, and give us

peace! — Give us love — and

dim.

give us peace! Ah, give us, give us

dim.

cresc. peace, Ah, — give us, — give us peace!

ritard.

cresc.

p

cresc.

accel.

rall.

The musical score consists of ten staves of music. The first three staves feature a soprano vocal line with a treble clef, accompanied by a piano basso continuo line with a bass clef. The vocal line includes lyrics like 'peace!', 'Give us love — and', 'Ah', and 'give us, give us'. The piano part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. The subsequent staves show a transition, starting with a treble clef and a basso continuo line, followed by a bass clef and a treble clef. Various dynamic markings are present, including 'sempre cresc.', 'dim.', 'ritard.', 'cresc.', 'p', 'accel.', and 'rall.'. The vocal line continues with 'peace, Ah, — give us, — give us peace!' and concludes with a final section of piano chords.

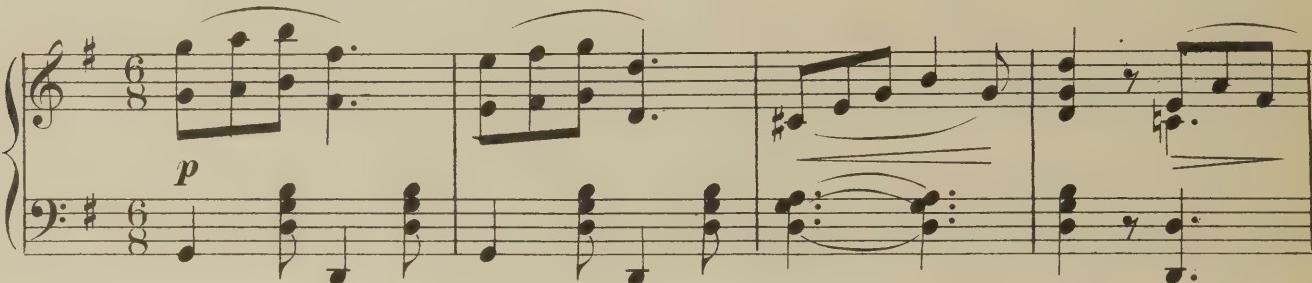
Cherette.

Words by
EDWARD OXENFORD.

Allegretto moderato.

JOSEPH L. ROECKEL.

Piano.



In - to the gold - en west sails he,

A musical score for voice and piano. The vocal line begins in G major. The lyrics are: "In - to the gold - en west sails he,". The piano accompaniment continues from the previous page. The dynamic is marked 'p' (pianissimo).

Down where the ri - ver meets the sea, The voice of the birds is soft and sweet As

A continuation of the musical score. The vocal line continues: "Down where the ri - ver meets the sea, The voice of the birds is soft and sweet As". The piano accompaniment continues.

rall.

agitato e cresc.

twi - light ech - oes their songs re - peat, " 'Tis soon, full soon o'er the

A continuation of the musical score. The vocal line continues: "twi - light ech - oes their songs re - peat, " 'Tis soon, full soon o'er the". The piano accompaniment continues. The dynamic is marked 'p' (pianissimo) in the first measure and 'agitato e cresc.' in the last measure.

f

flow - ing tide My boat a - gain to my love will glide, Ah -

rall.

pp dolce.

dieu, Cher-et-te, once more a-dieu! The shadows fall on the wa - ters blue, Ah,

f colla parte.

rall.

f

soon a-gain I'll come to thee, Fare - well, Cherette, Fare well, ché - rie! Cher-

pp dolce.

R.D. * R.D. * R.D. * R.D. *

rall. a tempo.

et - - te, Cher - et - - te, Ah, fare - thee-well, ché - rie''

f

p rall. a tempo. con grazia.

R.D. * R.D. *

rall. *a tempo.*
p
rall.
rall.
agitato e cresc.
agitato e cresc.

*f con passione e ritenuto.**rall.*

tide sings low; Come soon, O love to thy love, come soon, The crescent grows to a

*f colla roce.**rall.*

per - fect moon; Come back, O love, come back to me! Gone but a day thou

p dolce.

wert to be My love, my love! Come soon a-gain to

a tempo.

me.

Slower

The

*espress.**rall. e dim.*

moon had grown, and had oft times wan'd; The old lock gates grew more weather-stain'd; But the
Slower.

agitato. *disperato.* *rit.*

boat she sought on the sap - phire sea Ne'er came to the har - bor of
cresc. *colla voce.* *rit.*

patetico.

Nor-mandie! All day she stands on the wave-worn pier, Tho' he has gone for
p *sempre colla parte*

more slowly.

ma - ny a year, The mist of age is be - fore her eyes As she

Tempo I.

*pp dolcissimo.**molto rit.*

oft re - peats his words, and sighs: "Ah, soon a - gain I'll come to thee, Fare

*molto rit.**pp dolcissimo.*

well, Cherette, Fare - well ché-rie, Cher- et - te, Cher- et - te, Ah,

fare - theewell, ché - rie! Fare - well, _____ Cheret - te, fare -

98 "All in a garden fair."

SONG.

MICHAEL WATSON.

Voice. Moderato.

Piano. { $\frac{6}{8}$

$\frac{6}{8}$ *p*

'Twas in leaf - y June, when the ros - es bloom, And spread — their per - fume

$\frac{6}{8}$ { $\frac{4}{4}$

a tempo.

Piano: { $\frac{4}{4}$

cresc.
rare, That a maid-en sang as she wan - der'd free, All in a gar - den

$\frac{4}{4}$ { $\frac{4}{4}$

cresc.

Piano: { $\frac{4}{4}$

p *cresc.*
fair! The light of love in her eye shone bright As links in a gold - en

$\frac{4}{4}$ { $\frac{4}{4}$

cresc.

Piano: { $\frac{4}{4}$

rall.

chain, And as she car - oll'd, the ver - y birds, Re - ech-oed the sweet re -
rall.

p Con moto.

frain, *molto rall.* "O winds that traverse the o - cean, O swallows that cleave the
rall.

cresc.

air: To my lov'd one say I wait him All in a gar - den
f

cresc.

fair! O winds that traverse the o - cean, O swal-lows that cleave the
cresc.

rall.

air: To my lov'd one say I wait, I wait him All in a gar - den fair!"
f
rall.
f colla voce.
a tempo.

Musical score for piano, page 10, measures 11-12. The score consists of three staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The key signature is one sharp. Measure 11 starts with a rest followed by a sixteenth-note rest. The right hand plays eighth-note chords in the treble and alto staves, while the left hand plays eighth-note chords in the bass staff. Measure 12 begins with a sixteenth-note rest. The right hand continues the eighth-note chord pattern. A 'rit.' (ritardando) instruction is placed above the staff. Measure 13 starts with a sixteenth-note rest. The right hand plays eighth-note chords in the treble and alto staves, while the left hand plays eighth-note chords in the bass staff. The measure ends with a fermata over the right-hand notes.

Lento.

A musical score for piano, page 10. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The tempo is Lento. The music consists of a single melodic line in the upper staff, primarily using quarter notes and eighth notes. The bass staff is mostly empty, with a few isolated notes.

It was winter drear and the roses dead, No more were their sweet blooms seen, And the

A musical score for piano, showing two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, G major (two sharps), common time. The bottom staff is in bass clef, C major (no sharps or flats). Measure 11 starts with a half note rest. The right hand plays a eighth-note pattern: eighth note down, sixteenth note up, eighth note down, sixteenth note up. The left hand provides harmonic support. Measure 12 begins with a dynamic 'p' (piano). The right hand continues the eighth-note pattern. The left hand provides harmonic support. Measures 11 and 12 end with a repeat sign and a double bar line.

cresc.

A musical score in G major (two sharps) and common time. The melody begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by sixteenth-note patterns. The first sixteenth note has a sharp sign above it. The dynamic instruction 'cresc.' is placed above the staff. The next sixteenth note has a sharp sign below it. The dynamic 'p' (piano) is placed at the end of the measure.

maid-en wander'd 'mid snow-flakes white, And the wind was chill and keen. Her

A musical score page showing two measures of music. The key signature is one sharp. Measure 11 starts with a half note in the treble clef, followed by a forte dynamic (F) and a crescendo instruction ('cresc.'), then a half note in the bass clef. Measure 12 begins with a half note in the treble clef, followed by a half note in the bass clef, and concludes with a series of eighth-note patterns in both treble and bass clefs.

dolente *cresc.* *agitato*

A musical score for 'The Old Woman' in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is in soprano range, featuring eighth and sixteenth-note patterns. The lyrics describe an old woman's physical appearance and emotional state. The score includes a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 2/4 time signature.

eyes were wea - ry, her brow was sad, Her heart full of care and pain: When a

A musical score for piano in G major (two sharps) and common time. The top staff shows a sequence of chords: G major (three quarter notes), A major (two quarter notes, one eighth note), B major (two quarter notes, one eighth note), C major (two quarter notes, one eighth note), D major (two quarter notes, one eighth note), E major (two quarter notes, one eighth note), F# major (two quarter notes, one eighth note), and G major (two quarter notes, one eighth note). The bottom staff shows a bass line with eighth notes. Dynamics include a dynamic marking 'p' (piano) at the beginning of the first measure, and 'cresc.' (crescendo) markings above the second and fourth measures.

e cresc.

voice was heard, a hand was press'd, And heart beat to heart a - gain!

A musical score for piano, featuring two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature is one sharp. Measure 68 starts with a forte dynamic (f) and includes the instruction "colla voce." Measure 69 continues the pattern. Measure 70 begins with a forte dynamic and ends with the instruction "dim. e rall." Measure 71 concludes the section.

Con moto.

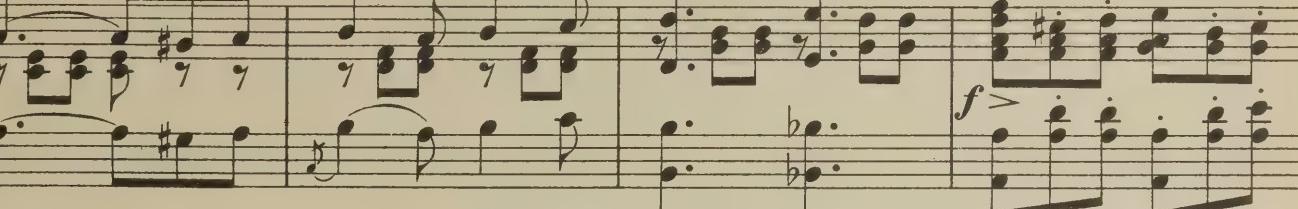
101

love, I came o'er the o - - cean, In an - swer to thy sweet

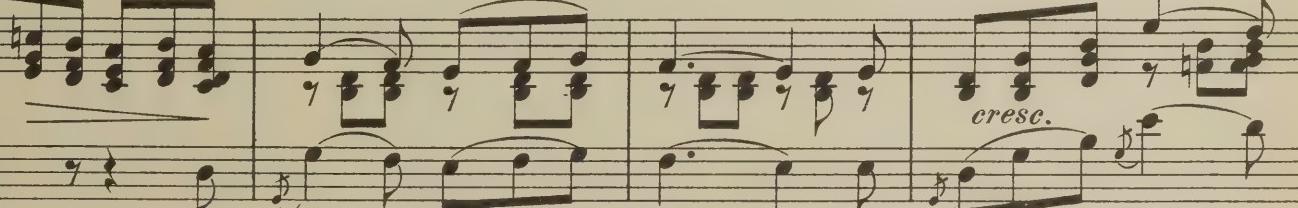


cresc.

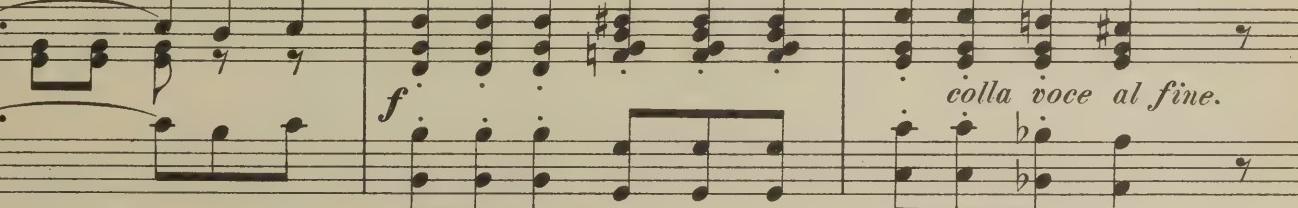
pray'r,— To my lov'd one wait - ing fond - ly, All in a gar - den



mf
fair! O love, I came o'er the o - - cean, In an - swer to thy sweet



f
pray'r,— To my lov'd one wait - ing, wait - ing fond - ly,



rall. ad lib.

colla voce al fine.

All in a gar - den

fair!"



Dawn.

Words by
CLARENCE WALKER.

Music by
H. SOMERSET.

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

p espressivo.

cresc.

p

When the pale moon drowns the —

rall. *dim.* *p*

p

marc. il basso.

wide world In a flood of sil - ver light, And our

sor - rows fall up - on us In the si - lence of the

rall. a tempo
night, Though earth may stretch be-tween us And

rall. a tempo
hope have flown a - way, Our lives may come to -

rall. a tempo.
geth - er In the dawn - ing of some day.

rall. a tempo.
rall. a tempo.

p

That dawn may come, Ah! — who knows? And

p

marc. il basso.

find us wear - ied — out With the toil of life, and

troubl e, With the help - less-ness of doubt. The

rall. fault was mine, my dar - ling! May the pain come all to

cresc. *rall.* *a tempo.* *rall.*

a tempo. me! No mis - er - y too great, love, That

a tempo. *rall.*

marc il basso.

p brings me back to thee!

p *a tempo.* *pizz.*

cresc. *rall.* *dim.* *p*

Mine to-day!

SONG.

Words by
MAY PROBYN.

ISIDORE DE LARA.

Andantino.

PIANO.

The musical score consists of four systems of music. The first system shows the piano accompaniment in G minor, 6/8 time, with eighth-note chords and sixteenth-note patterns. The second system continues the piano part. The third system begins with a vocal line in G minor, 6/8 time, with lyrics: "Come what will, you are mine to - day, While the". The piano accompaniment continues below. The fourth system begins with a vocal line in G minor, 6/8 time, with lyrics: "wood - birds sing, and the world is gay! You are". The piano accompaniment continues below.

mf

Come what will, you are mine to - day, While the

leggiero.

wood - birds sing, and the world is gay! You are

mine for a mo - - ment, come what may, But

col canto.

p how will it be when the sun's a - way?

col canto.

a tempo.
Where shall we go when the swal - lows fly?

What shall we do when the ros - - es die? You are

col canto.

mf a tempo.

mine to - day, or you smile, or you sigh, But

col canto.

a tempo.

how will it be in the by and bye?

rall.

How will it be in the by and bye?

rall.

mf

You are

mine to - day in your grace full - grown, To —

leggiero.

clasp, and to kiss, and to call my own; But

how will it be when the rain comes down, When the

col canto.

birds are mute, and the woods turn brown? You are

col canto.

a tempo.

mine to - day with your se - - - cret told, The

pp

flow-er whose leaves I have watch'd un - fold; But how will it be when the

col canto.

ritardando molto.

wind is cold? What shall we do when we

ritardando molto.

both grow old? You are mine to - day while our hearts beat high, Though the

colla voce.

sun be set - ting, I care not, I, There are
 oth-er. lands where the swal - lows fly, There is still next year, when the
col canto.
 ros - - es die, There is still next year, when the
p col canto.
 ros - es die.
f
pp

Like a Dream.

Words by ED. OXFORD.

ANTON STRELEZKI.

Andantino con moto.

Voice.

Piano.

p dolce express.

1. Like a beau - ti - ful dream they have gone, dear - ie, Those

mp

years all so hap - py and sweet, And their mem -'ry now lin - gers a -

mp

ten.

mp

mp express.

lone, dear - ie, Tho' lips may their rap - ture re - peat! It

p

bz:

mp

seems but a day or two past, dear - ie, Our two hearts as one heart be -

mp

mf cresc.

came, And the die of our fu - ture was cast, dear - ie, So

mf cresc.

f

*mf vibrato poco rit.**mp con*

fair, and it still is the same.

O

*mf poco rit.**ten. ten. p rit.*Poco più lento.
tenerezza.

dear - ie, my dear - ie, tho' years go by, The love of our youth-tide can

nev - er die; But ev - er, as moments of life pass o'er, For

*poco accel.**appass.**poco accel.**mp cresc. molto.**f*

both of us quick-en still more and more, For both of us quick-en still

ten. ten. ten.

*appass. colla roce.**mf rall.**ten.**ten. ten.*

more and more.
ten ten a tempo.

dolce.

pp

cresc. mf

cresc.

f

smorz.

p dolce espress.

2. Like two lives in a gar-den of flow'rs, dear-ie, Our

p

pp

p ben sosten.
ten.

mp

mf

own have un - bro - ken-ly been, No re - gret has one mo - ment been

mp

ten.

mp

mp express.

ours, dear - ie, Or clouds in love's fir - ma - ment seen! No!

p

all, since that far - a - way day, dear - ie, That sweet to us ev - er must

mp

be, Has been fraught with the sun - shine of May, — dear - ie, And

*mf cresc.**f**mf cresc.**f**mf vibrato poco rit.*Poco più lento.
mp con tenerezza.

per - fect for you and for me.

O dear - ie, my dear - ie, tho'

*mf poco rit.**ten. p rit.*

mp poco accel.

years go by, The love of our youth-tide can nev - er die; But ev - er as moments of
poco accel.

mp cresc. molto.

appass.

f

life pass o'er, For both of us quick-en still more and more, For
f appass. colla voce.

rall.

both of us quick-en still more and more.
ten. ten. ten. *a tempo.*

mf

ten. rall.

ten. ten.

mp

* *Rit.*

dolce.

p decresc.

pp

morendo.

ppp

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N^os 158. 159. 206. 207. 302. 303.

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To Mrs. D. H. STEWART.

48

Thy dear eyes.

(MEZZO-SOPRANO.)

HOMER N. BARTLETT.

Simplice.

Voice.

Piano.

I want no stars in heav'n to guide me, I need no moon, no sun to

shine, While I have you, sweet-heart be - side me, While I know that you are

mine. I need not fear what- er be - tide me, For straight and
cresc.

sweet my path-way lies, I want no stars in heav'n to
con passione.

guide me While I gaze in your dear eyes, I want no
ff.

stars in heav'n to guide me, While I gaze in your dear
dolce e con espr.
sotto voce.

ff
p dolce e con espr.

eyes.

a tempo.

I hear no

birds at twi-light call - ing, I catch no mu - sic in the streams, But when your

gold - en words are fall - ing, When you whis - per in my dreams; Then ev - 'ry

erese.

sound of joy en - thral - ling Speaks in your dear voice a -
f
 lone. 'Tis then I hear your fond lips call - ing, When you
f *cresc.*
 speak to me, mine own; 'Tis then I hear your fond lips
f
lento.
 call- ing, When you speak to me, mine own.
sotto voce. *ff* *pp*

I want no kingdom where thou art, love, I want no
molto rall.

throne to make me blest, And while with - in thy ten - der heart, love, Thou wilt
 take my heart to rest: For kings must play a weary part, love, And thrones must

ring with wild a - larms; Know thou the king - dom of my heart, love, Lies with -
 in thy lov - ing arms; Know thou the king - dom of my heart, love, Lies with -
con express.
 in thy lov - ing arms.

rall.

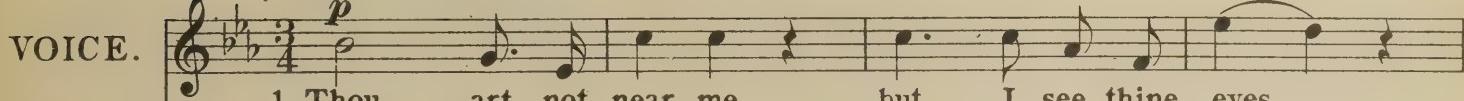
Thou art not near me.

49

(SOPRANO.)

GARRETT COLYN.

Andante moderato.

VOICE. 

1. Thou art not near me, but I see thine eyes—

PIANO. 

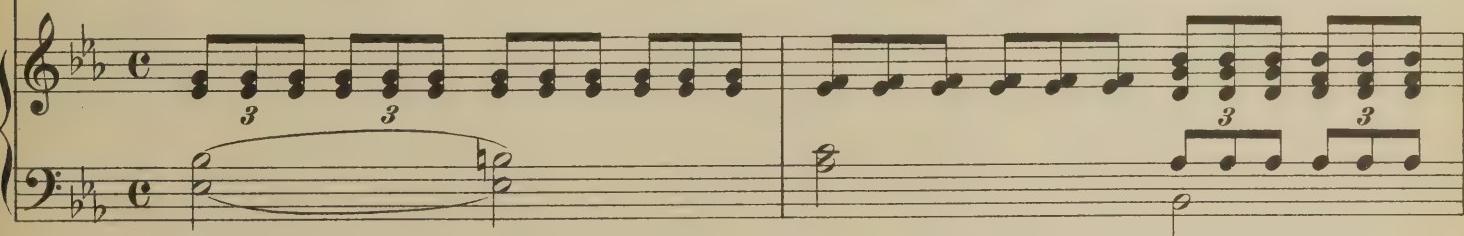


Shine tho' the gloom like stars in winter skies.

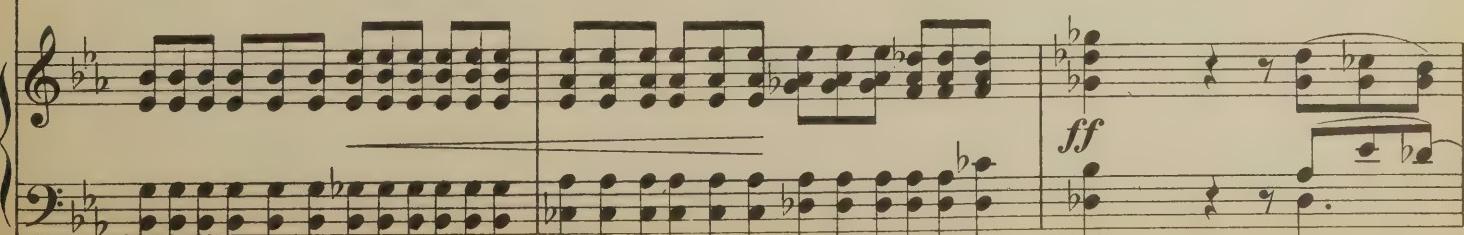


Più mosso.

Point - ing the way my long - ing steps would go—



To come to thee, be - cause I love thee so, To come to thee to come to



thee, Be - cause I love thee so, love thee so

Thou art not near me, but I hear thee speak —

Sweet as the breath of June up-on my cheek.

Più mosso.

And as thou speak - - est, I for - get my fears —

And all the dark - ness of the lonely years; Oh! love, my love, what-e'er my

fate may be: Thou hast my love,

thou hast my love, And fill - - est all my

heart, and fill - est all my heart.

pp *allarg.* *ff* *cresc.* *molto cresc.* *ff*

50

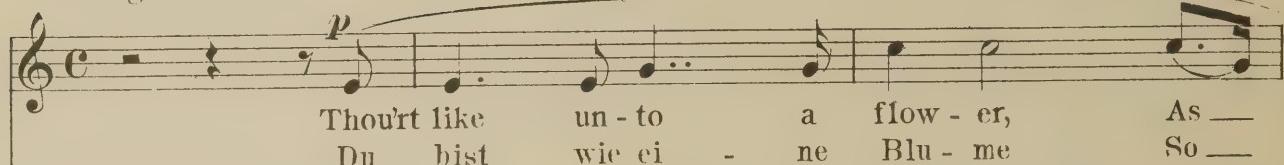
Thou'rt like unto a Flower.

(DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME.)

GARRETT COLYN.

Adagio sostenuto.

VOICE.



PIANO.



fair, as pure as bright, I look on thee and
hold, und schön, und rein, Ich schau' dich an und

sad - ness Steals o'er my soul's de - light; I
Weh - muth schleicht mir in's Herz hin - ein; Mir



più mosso.

long on those gold - en tress - es My fold - ed hands to
ist, als ob ich die Hän - de Auf's Haupt dir le - gen

lay, Pray - ing that God would pre - serve thee
sollt', Be - tend dass Gott dich er - hal - te

a tempo.

As fair, as pure al - way, As
so rein, und schön, und hold, und

fair, as pure al - way.
rein, und schön, und hold.

Left untold.

Words by G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Andante con moto.

Voice.

I was

Piano.

feed - ing the doves in the old farm - yard, As they came at my qui - et

call; While the red sun set and the sky grew starred And the dusk stole o - ver

dim.

dim.

all. He spoke of a home be - side the sea, He

cresc.

whis-per'd he lov'd me so; But the folks were old and it

p cresc.

dim. e poco rit.

could not be, They would miss me, did I go. For the

dim. e poco rit. *rall.*

Molto Andante.

espress.

heart grows old as the years un - fold; Ah me, for the

pp

love that is left un - told! The heart grows

f

Rit.

old as the years un - fold; Ah me, for the

Rit. *

Rit. * *Rit.* * *Rit.* *

dim. e molto rit.

14

love,— for the love—that is left— un - told!

a tempo.

p colla voce.

Tempo I.

p

The moan of the doves—is low and sweet,

p

White as their wings my hair.

We have nev - er met, we shall

dim. e poco rit.

p a tempo.

nev - er meet, He— thinks I did not care.

He is

dim. colla voce.

cresc.

wed - ded now and will nev - er guess, If I weep for what could not

*p**cresc.*

be,

When I pray from my heart for their hap-pi-ness, What-

*mf**mf*

ev - er may come to me!

For the heart grows

*Molto Andante.
espress.**rall.**poco rit.**dim.**pp*

old as the years un - fold, Ah me, for the

love that is left un - told! The heart grows

old as the years un - fold, Ah me, for the

love ah me, for the love, the love, un -

told, the love that is left un - told!

Sweet Visions.

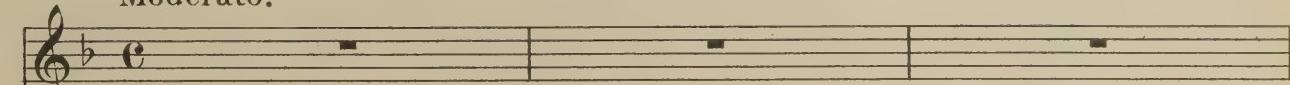
52

Words by
EDWARD OXFORD.

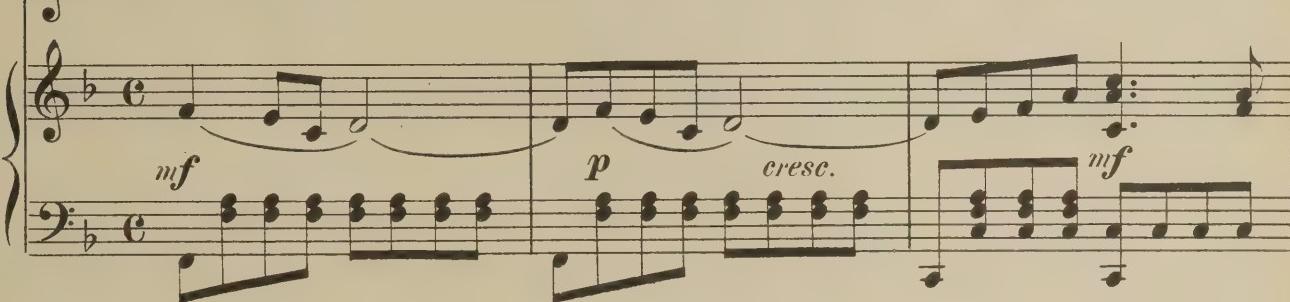
Moderato.

GEORGE GEAR.

Voice.



Piano.



Sweet vis - ions of the past a - rise, And

bid me think them liv - ing now; Yet they can ne'er de -

cresc.

dim.

ceive mine eyes, Or call to life a bur - ied vow! Those

cresc.

dim.

p

fac - es fair, and scenes of youth, Those flow'rs whose scent for
 ev - er's fled De - ceive me not, for O, in truth, I
 know that all, e'en love, — e'en love is dead.
 Love is a dream, — a fleet-ing dream! That fades a-way as

cresc.

fades a flow'r; Love is a dream, — a fleet-ing dream! But

mf

cresc.

tre corde.

dim. *rit.*

O, how sweet its ten - der pow'r, its ten - - - der pow'r!

dim. rit. p

a tempo.

And yet 'tis well a -

mf

p

while to see The shad - ows of my hap - py days; For

cresc.

p a tempo.

Love is a dream! a fleet-ing dream! That fades a-way as

pp una corda

cresc.

fades a flow'r; Love is a dream! a fleet-ing dream! But

mf

tre corde.

rit. dim. *dolce.* *ten.*

O, how sweet its ten - der pow'r, But O how sweet, how ten.

rit. dim.

ad lib., *cresc.*

sweet its ten - der pow'r!

cresc.

mf a tempo. *dim.* *mf*

“Entreat me not to leave thee.”

(Song of Ruth.)

CHARLES GOUNOD.

Voice. Andante.

Piano.

Recit.

And Ruth said:

Moderato. (♩ = 88.)

En - treat me not to leave thee, En -

p

treat me not to leave thee, or

cresc. dim. p

to re - turn from fol - low-ing af - ter thee, for whith-er thou go - est

dim. p

I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; whith-er thou go - est

p cresc.

I will go, and where thou lodg - est I will lodge,

dim p

where thou lodg - est, where thou lodg-est, I will lodge. Thy

un poco meno presto, ma pochissimo.

peo - ple shall be my peo - ple, and thy God, my

p

God; thy peo - ple shall be my peo - ple, and thy

God, my God; Thy peo - ple shall be my

cresc.

peo - ple, and thy God, my God.

Where thou di - est, will I

A musical score for voice and piano. The soprano part begins with a rest followed by a dotted quarter note. The piano part consists of eighth-note chords in common time.

die, and there will I be bur - ied; The Lord do

The soprano part continues with eighth-note chords. The piano part features eighth-note chords in common time.

so to me, and more al - so, if aught but death part thee and

The soprano part continues with eighth-note chords. The piano part features eighth-note chords in common time.

me, if aught but death part thee and me. Thy

The soprano part continues with eighth-note chords. The piano part features eighth-note chords in common time.

peo - ple shall be my peo - ple,

p

and thy God, my God; Thy

peo - ple shall be my peo - ple, and thy

God, my God; Thy

cresc.

f

peo - ple shall be my peo - ple, and thy

God, thy God, my God.

dim.

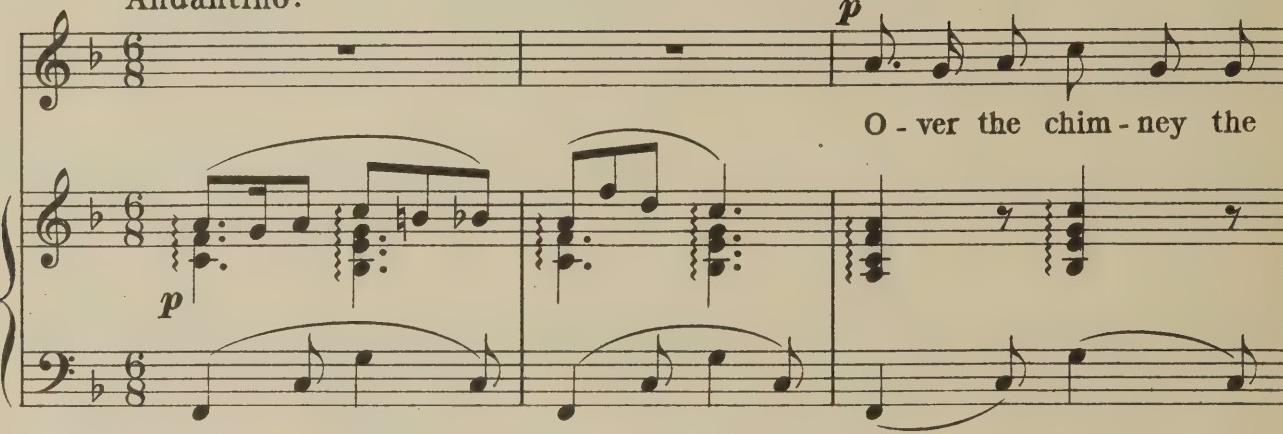
p *cresc. molto.* *f*

“What the Chimney sang.”

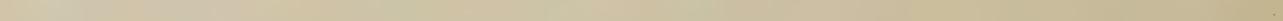
Words by
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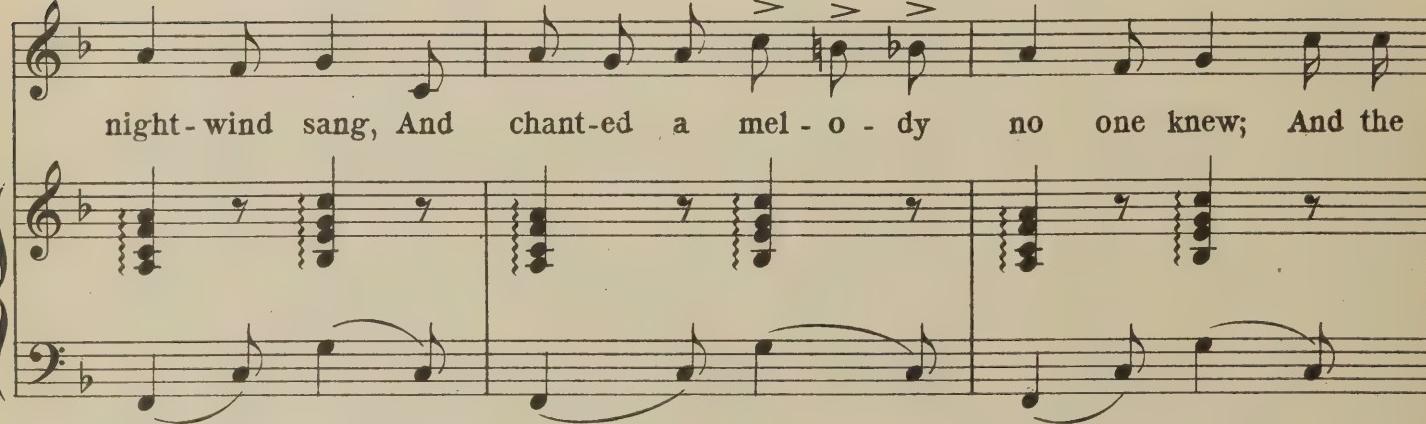
GERTRUDE GRISWOLD.

Andantino.

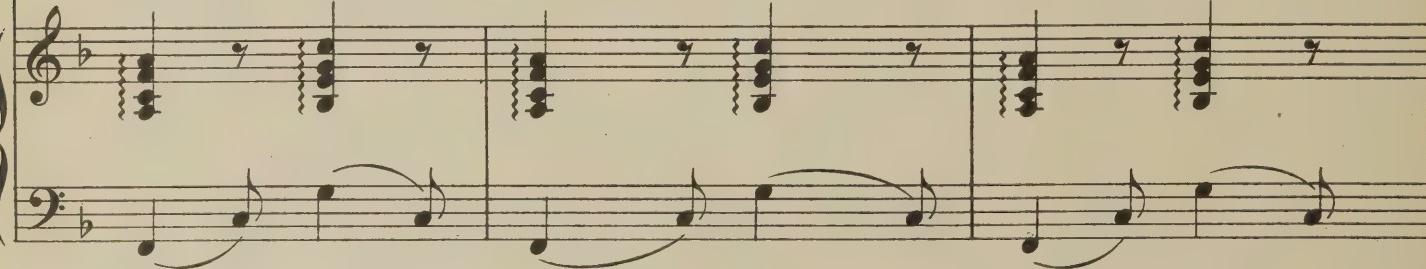
VOICE. 

O - ver the chim - ney the

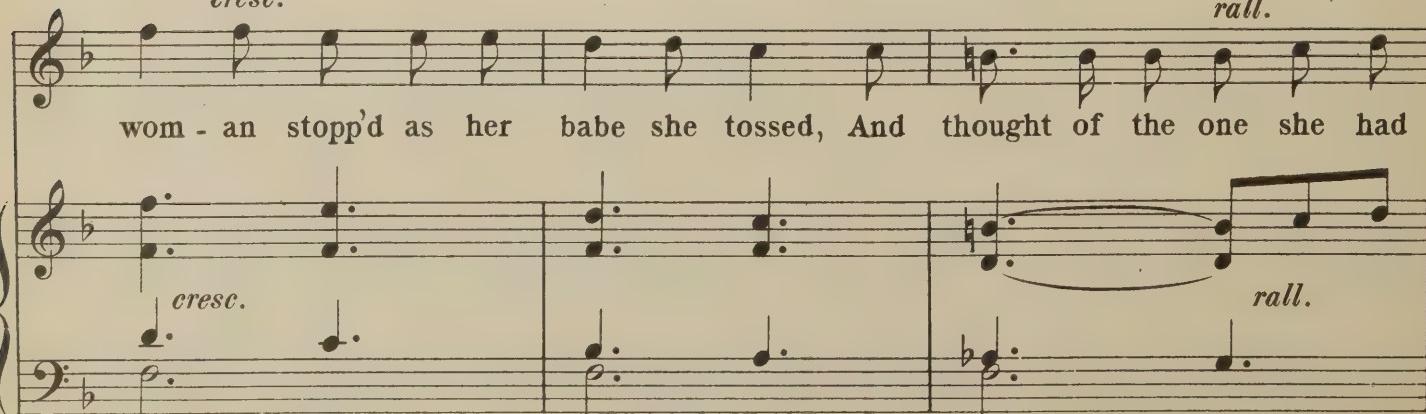
PIANO. 



night - wind sang, And chant-ed a mel - o - dy no one knew; And the



wom - an stopp'd as her babe she tossed, And thought of the one she had



cresc. rall.

a tempo.

long since lost, And said, as the tear - drops back she forced: "I

a tempo.

hate the wind in the chim - ney!" Over the chim - ney the

rall.

night - wind sang, And chant-ed a mel - o - dy no one knew; And the

string.

chil - dren said, as they clos - er drew: 'Tis some witch that is clear-ing the

string.

black night through, 'Tis a fair - y trum-pet that just then blew, And we
 rall.
 rall.

pp

a tempo.

fear the wind in' the chim - ney!" O - ver the chim - ney the
a tempo.

rall.

sure - ly snow, And fu - el is dear and wag - es are low, And I'll

stop the leak in the chim - ney."

Andante.

stop the leak in the chim - ney."

O - ver the chim - ney the

night - wind sang,

molto legato e cresc.

And chant - ed a mel - o - dy

no one knew;

lis - ten'd, and

molto legato e cresc.

smiled, For he was man, and wom-an, and
 child, all three; And said: "It is God's own
 har - mo - ny, This wind we hear in the
 chim - ney, 'Tis God's own har - mo - ny!

ff Adagio.

“Bye, baby, bye!”

Words by EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD. *

F. C. HAHR.

Andantino.

Voice. *p*

1. The sun has gone from the shin-ing skies,

Piano. *p*

dim. *mp* *dim.*
bye, ba-by bye! The dan-de-lions have closed their eyes, bye, ba-by

dim. *np* *dim.*
Rd. * *Rd.* *

mf *8* *mf*
bye! And the stars are light-ing their lamps to see If the ba-bies, and squirrls, and

Rd. * *Rd.* *

p *(fast)* *(fast)*
birds, all three, Are sound a-sleep, are sound a - sleep_ as they ought to be,

p

dim. e rit.

p

bye, ba-by bye, bye, ba-by bye! *sus.*

2.The

p dim. e rit. *p*

la.

dim.

mp

squirr'l is dress'd in a coat of gray, bye, ba - by bye! He

dim.

mp

la. * *mf*

wears it by night as well as by day, bye, ba - by bye! The

dim.

mf

la. *

rob-in sleeps in his feathers and down,With the warm red breast and the wings of brown,

p

p

(sleeps in)

But the ba - by, but the ba - by wears a lit-tle white gown,

dim. e rit.

bye, ba-by bye, bye, ba-by bye!

3. The

dim. e rit.

squirrel's nest is a hole in the tree, bye, ba-by bye! And there he sleeps as

*dim.**mp*

shug as can be, bye, ba-by bye! The robin's nest is high o'erhead, Where the

*dim.**mf*

leaf-y boughs of the ma-ple spread, But the ba - by's nest, but the ba - by's nest -

dim. e rit.

is a lit-tle white bed; bye, ba - by bye, bye, ba - by bye!

dim. e rit.

My little love.

C. B. HAWLEY.

Andante sostenuto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

God

rit.

keep you safe, my lit - tle love, All thro' the night, Rest

close in his en - circling arms — un - til the light. My

L. H.

p

mf

R&d.

*

heart is with you as I kneel to pray; *mf*

Good -

pp

night, *pp* Good - night! God keep you in his care al -

mf

pp

* * *

way. Thick

shadows creep like si - lent ghosts — a-bout my bed, I lose myself in ten-der dreams,

L. H.

— While o - verhead The moon comes slanting through my win- dow

bars, A sil - ver sic - kle glean - ing 'mid the

stars. For I, though I am far a - way, -

f

— Feel safe and strong To trust you thus, dear love, and yet, — The

L. H.

rit. night seems long. *a tempo.* I say with sob - bing breath the old fond

rit. *a tempo.*

mf prayer: Good - night, *pp* Good - night! God

mf *pp*

Rit. *

keep you, keep you ev - 'ry - where.

pp rit. molto.

pp

Rit.

51
Lullaby.

JULES JORDAN.

Andantino.

Voice.

Piano.

p

1. Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by,

In my arms re - pos-ing, Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, What should cause thee

fear? *poco rit.* Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, Drowsy eye - lids -

poco animato. Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, *rit.* Guar-dian an - gels

poco animato. col canto.

sosten.

near.

Hov-er- ing they smile up - on thee, With

a tempo.

beck'ning hands, they bid thee come, Point-ing to the chil-dren's

king - dom, And whis-pring "dar-ling one come home."

col canto.

Lul - la - by, ba - by, Moth - er will wait,

p

>

a tempo.

Wait thy re - turn - ing from Heav - ens gate. 2. Lul - la - by,

*mf**p*

Lul - la - by, Care to us_ is_ giv - en, Lul - la - by, Lul - la - by,

poco rit.

Tri - als hard and sore. Lul - la - by, Lul - la - by,

*poco animato.**rit.*

May the care of_ Heaven, Lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, Shield thee ev - er

*poco animato.**col canto.*

sost.

more. Time may bring thee man-y sor - rows, As

a tempo.

Bass staff dynamic: p .

wheel-ing swift he on-ward flies; Now thou smil - est, sweet-ly

Bass staff dynamic: p .

ad lib.

dream Thy dream of bliss and Par - a - dise. Lul - la-by, ba - by,

col canto.

Bass staff dynamic: p .

a tempo.

Moth - er will wait, Wait thy re - turn-ing from Heav- en's gate.

Treble staff dynamics: p , mf .

Bass staff dynamics: p .

A Song at Evening.

R. de KOVEN, Op. 62.

Allegretto.

VOICE. PIANO.

The glow of sun set has faded, Faint
stars are in the sky; A bird, by the fo - li - age shad - ed, Is
sing-ing a lul - la - by, Is sing-ing a lul - la -
by. The glo-ries of day-light per - ish, The night falls as

soft as dew; *cresc.* It is the hour I cher - ish, For

p thoughts, my own love, of you!—

mf This hour is sweet-est and dear - est; From

all day's care 'tis free, And now we in spir - it are near -

cresc.

est; I know that you think of me, I know that you think of

cresc.

me. It is the sweet hour of gladness, In love all in

mf

np

cresc.

f

life seems new, And banished is all sadness, By thought, my

cresc.

f

p

love, of you!

p

47 Dutch Lullaby.

Words by
EUGENE FIELD.

Andante giocoso.

R. de KOVEN, Op. 53. N°1

Voice.

Piano.

1. Wyn - ken, and Blynken and Nod one night sail-ed off in a wood-en shoe,
 2. Laughed the old Moon, and he sung a song as they rocked in the wood-en shoe,

f a tempo.

Sailed on a riv-er of mist - y light in - to a sea of dew. oh,
 wind that sped them the whole night long ruf-fled the waves of dew. the

f Animato.

where are you go - ing, what do you wish the old moon asked the
 lit - tle stars were the her - ring fish that swam the dew - y

three, we're going to fish for the her - ring fish that
 sea now east your nets where - ev - er you with cried the

poco rall.

live in this beau - ti - ful sea, the sea, the
 stars to the fish - er - man three, the three, the
poco rall.

sea, nets of sil - ver and gold have we for the
 three, nev - er, nev - er a - feard are we - So

f marcato il movimento.

a tempo.

fish who dwell in this beau - ti - ful sea, said } Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken and Nod, - said }
 cried the stars to the fish - er-men three, to }

rall.

f

Wynken, and Blynken and Nod.

f a tempo.

f

3. All night long their nets they threw for the fish in the twinkling foam, then
4. Wynken and Blynken are two lit-tle eyes, and Nod is a lit - tle head, the

mf

p poco rall.

a tempo.

down from the sky came the wood - en shoe bring-ing the fish-er-men home. 'twas
wood - en shoe that sail - ed the skies is a wee trun - dle bed. So

f a tempo.

f Animato.

all so pret - ty a sail it seem - ed as if it could not be, and
shut your eyes while moth-er sings of wond-rous sights that be, and

f Animato.

poco rall.

some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dream'd of sail-ing that beau - ti - ful
you shall see all the beau - ti - ful things as you rock on the mist - y

poco rall.

sea, the sea, the sea.— Shall I name you the
sea, the sea, the sea.— As you rock on the

f marcato il movimento.

fishermen three that are sail-ing o - ver that beauti-ful sea,they're
mist - y sea,where the old shoe rocked all those fishermen three,

{Wynken, Blynken and

rall.

rall.

Nod,— they're Wynken, and Blynken and Nod.—

*p rall.**pp*

Love's Golden Dream.

LINDSAY LENNOX.

60

Piano.

dim.

1. I hear to night the old bell's chime, Their sweet - est
2. I look in - to your love - lit eyes, I hear your

cresc.

soft - est strain; They bring to me the old - en
gen - tle voice; You come to me from par - a -

p

dim.

time, In vis - ions once a - gain. Once more a -
dise, And bid my heart re - joice. Sweet vis - ion!

cross the meadow land, Be-side the flow - ing stream; We wander,
 fade not from my sight, I would not wake to pain; But dream till

dar - ling, hand in hand, And dream love's gold - en dream.
 at the por - tals bright, I clasp your hands a - gain.

Tempo di Valse.

Love's golden dream is past, _____ Hid - den by mists of

pain; _____ Yet we shall meet at last, _____

dim.

Never to part a - gain. Love's gold-en dream is

past, Hid-den by mists of pain;

Yet we shall meet at last, Nev - er to

1. 2.

part a - gain. — ff

Two Roses.

W. C. LEVEY.

Andantino

Piano.

A red, red rose, and a

decresc. *colla roce.*

cresc.

shin-ing tear, On its vel-vet pet-als lay, As a no-ble ship with-

cresc.

white sails spread, O'er the o - cean sailed a - way. And he

Rwd. * *Rwd.* * *Rwd.* *

kiss'd the rose with its shin-ing tear, And his heart beat brave and high; As he
poco cresc.

thought of a home — And a fair young bride,— In the sun-ny by - and -
f rall.

rall. *a tempo tranquillo.*
 bye. O red, red rose, of youth and love, Do your pet- als nev-er

colla voce. *f a tempo.* *Rd.* ** Rd.* ** Rd.*

fade? Does the sunny fu - ture nev-er cloud, With a veil of dark'ning

Rd. *** *Rd.* *** *Rd.*

cresc. *poco vivo.*

shade? O red, red rose of youth and love, Do your petals never

poco vivo.

decrese.

cresc.

f *decrese.*

*.

*.

*.

*

*

*

fade? Does the sunny fu - ture nev-er cloud, With a veil of dar - kning

Tempo I.

shade?

*.

*.

*.

*.

*

tranquillo.

A fair white rose on a fair white breast, Once throbbing with soft love

tranquillo.

p colla voce.

cresc.

sighs; — But rose and heart are at rest, at rest, No more will they fall and

cresc.

* ♫. * ♫. * ♫. *

ad lib.

rise. And a man's bronzed face in a far-off land Grows

ad lib.

pallid and white with pain, As he kiss-es the fad-ed red, red rose, She will

cresc.

nev-er rise a - gain. O rose of love, O rose of death! Tho' your

rall.

f *rall.*

p *espress.*

f colla roce.

* ♫. * ♫. *

cresc.

pet - als fade and die; Yet the love will live, if it be but love, In the

cresc.

* * * * *

land of love on high; O rose of love, O rose of death, Tho' your

cresc. più rivo.

* * * * *

pet - als fade and die;— Yet the love will live, if it be but love, In the

rall. cresc. ten. Andante. ff

* * * * *

land of love on high.

rall. ff

fff

rall. ff

62

Love's Proving.

Words by

FREDERIC WEATHERLY.

FREDERIC N. LÖHR.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

teneramente.

What shall I say to thee, heart of my heart,

cresc. ed agitando.
How shall I prove thee my passion and pain, How can I tell thee that

espress.

now we must part — Knowing I nev-er shall see thee a-gain.

*p colla parte.**dolce.**cresc.*

How can I leave thee and bid thee to go, See-ing I love thee and

cresc.

wor-ship thee so,

How can I leave thee and bid thee to go,

*ff appassionato.**accel.*

See-ing I love thee, See-ing I love thee and wor - ship thee

*accel.**riten.*

so. *a tempo.*

ff marcato.

teneramente.

Nay, do not speak to me, heart of my heart,

sf

p

cresc. ed agitando.

Hold me not thus to thy bo-som a - gain, Lest I for - get that 'tis

cresc.
espress.

bet-ter to part Lest all our fare-wells be ut-ter'd in vain.

p colla parte.

dolce.

Take thy lips from me, love, take them a-way, Lest in my an-guish I

p

cresc.

ff appassionato.

bid thee to stay, Take thy lips from me, love, take them a-way,

appassionato.

accel.

Lest in my an - guish, Lest in my an - guish I

accel.

bid thee to stay.

riten.

p Piu lento.

When it is o - ver, when thou art gone, Past all en - treat - y, all

p colla voce.

disperato.

molto espress.

yield - ing and pray'r, When thou art won - d'ring in

colla parte.

largamente.

dark - ness a - lone, Why could I leave thee to

largamente.

*Tempo I.
dolce.*

doubt and des - pair; — Ask thine own heart — and

p

cresc.

then thou shalt know 'Tis that I love thee and

cresc.

ff appassionato.

wor-ship thee so, Ask thine own heart and then thou shalt know

appassionato.

ff

accel.

'Tis that I love thee, 'Tis that I love thee and wor - ship thee

accel.

fff

so!

To Mr. FRANCIS FISCHER POWERS.

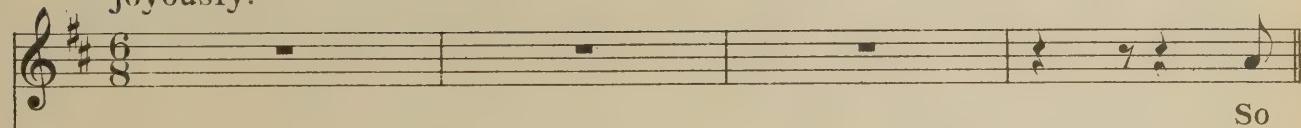
63

Boat Song.

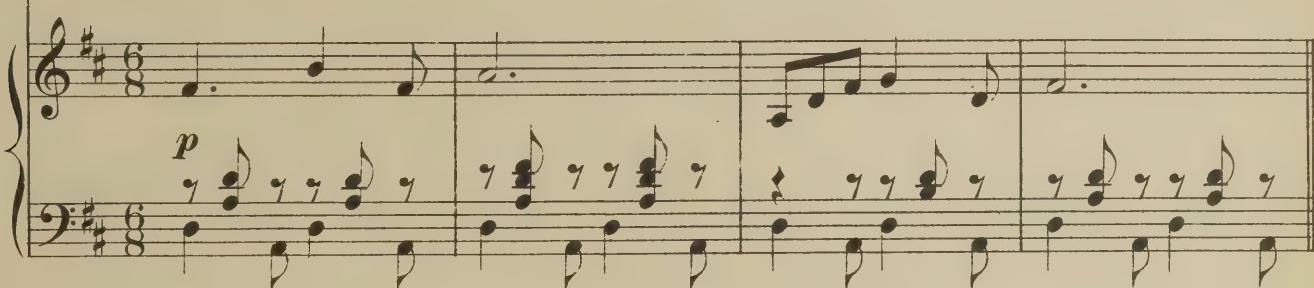
W. H. NEIDLINGER.

Joyously.

VOICE.



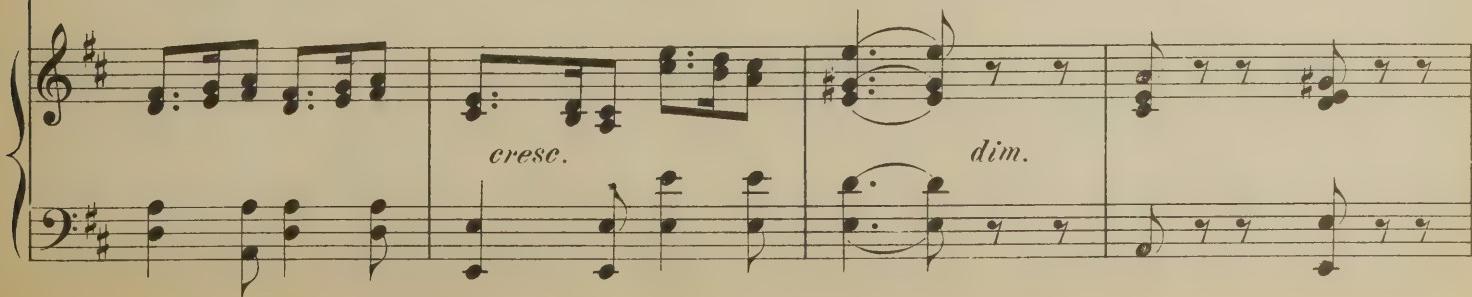
PIANO.



light - ly we dance on the wave, — So bold - ly we pull 'gainst the



tide, — Each heart is so light, so brave — When his fair one is by his



side; Row, _____ mer - ri - ly row, _____ And joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly
 cresc.
 dim.

A musical score for two voices and piano. The top staff shows a soprano vocal line in G major with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: "sing, Let the shore with our voices ring: Ah! let us". The bottom staff shows a piano accompaniment with bass and treble clefs, featuring chords and dynamic markings like 'cresc.' and 'f'.

merri-ly sing as we row along, With our hearts so light, so hap-py and free.

cresc.

Row, row, row,
for our hearts are happy and

cresc.

free; Strong are our arms, the strength of our love is

in them, Each heart is light and joy - ous, Happy and gay and

dim. free. Ah!

dim.

rit.

Merri - ly, merri - ly sing, For our hearts are joyous and free;

rit. *rit.*

a tempo.

Strong are our arms,—— the strength of our love is in them,

accel. e cresc.

Strong are our arms,—— the strength of our love is

cresc.

in them.

molto cresc.

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly row,—— And joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly

ff marcato.

sing; Let the shore with our voices ring, As we pull o'er the roll - ing
 waves. Row, *accel.* row, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly
accel.
 Row, *cresc.* row,
 row, mer - ri - ly row, mer - ri - ly row, mer - ri - ly
cresc.
 row.

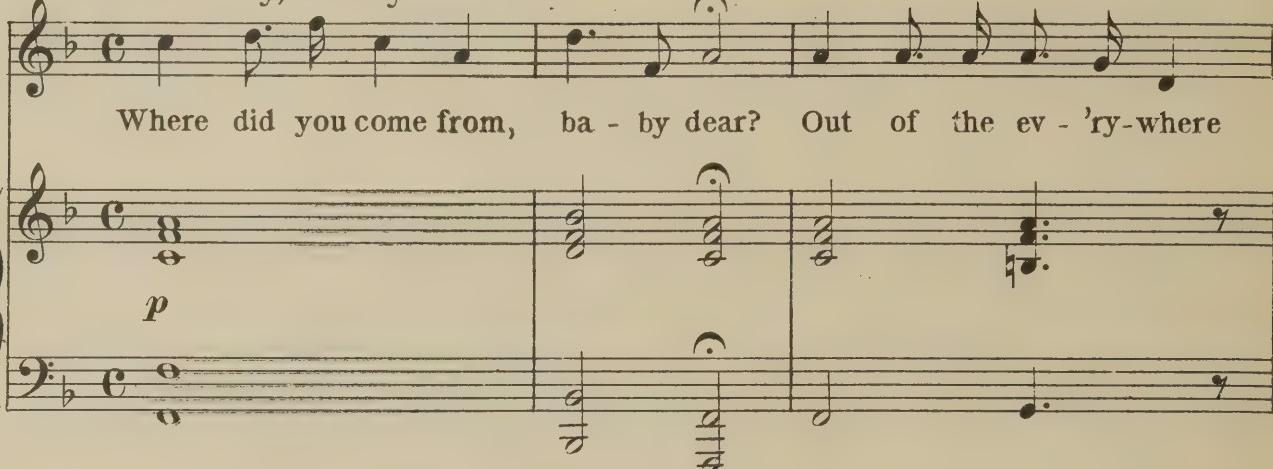
Where did you come from, baby dear?

I.

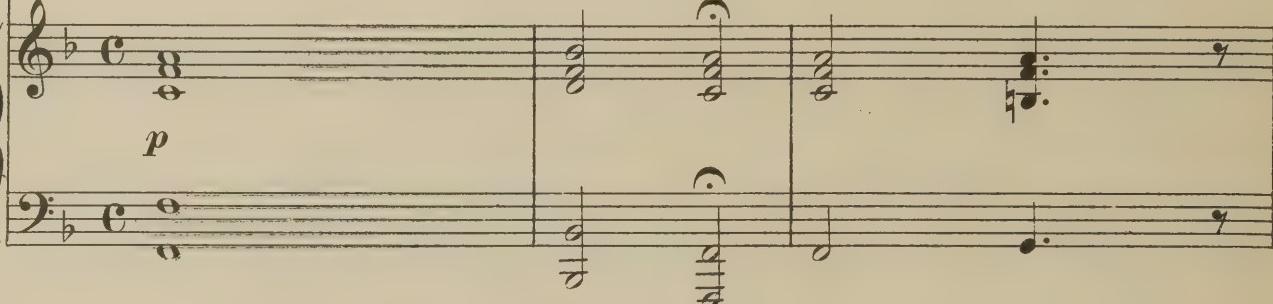
Words by
GEORGE MACDONALD.

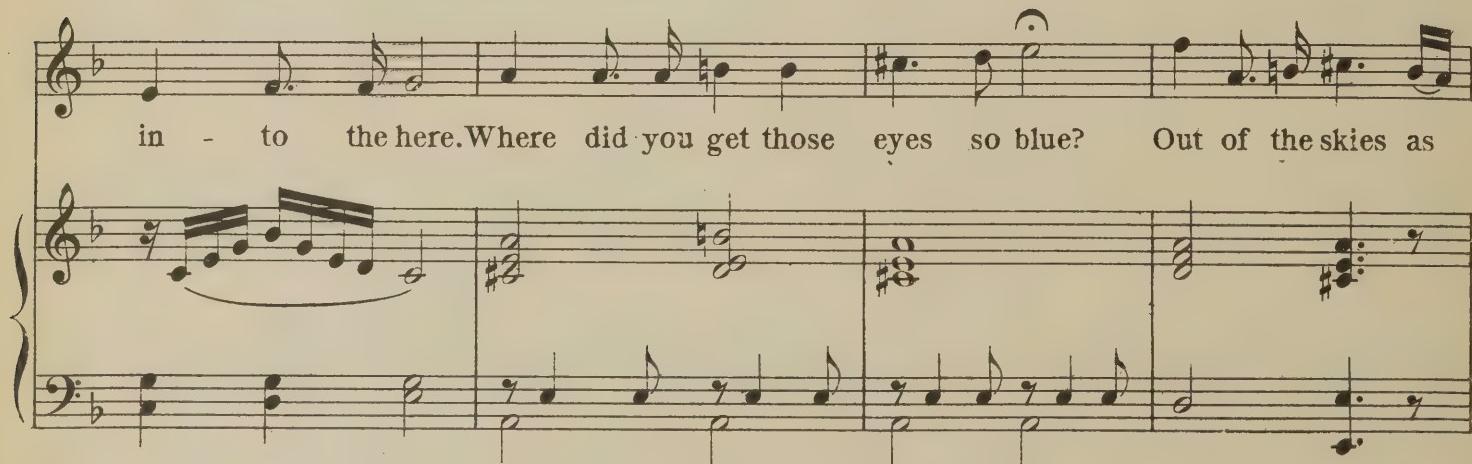
W. H. NEIDLINGER.

Deliberately, daintily.

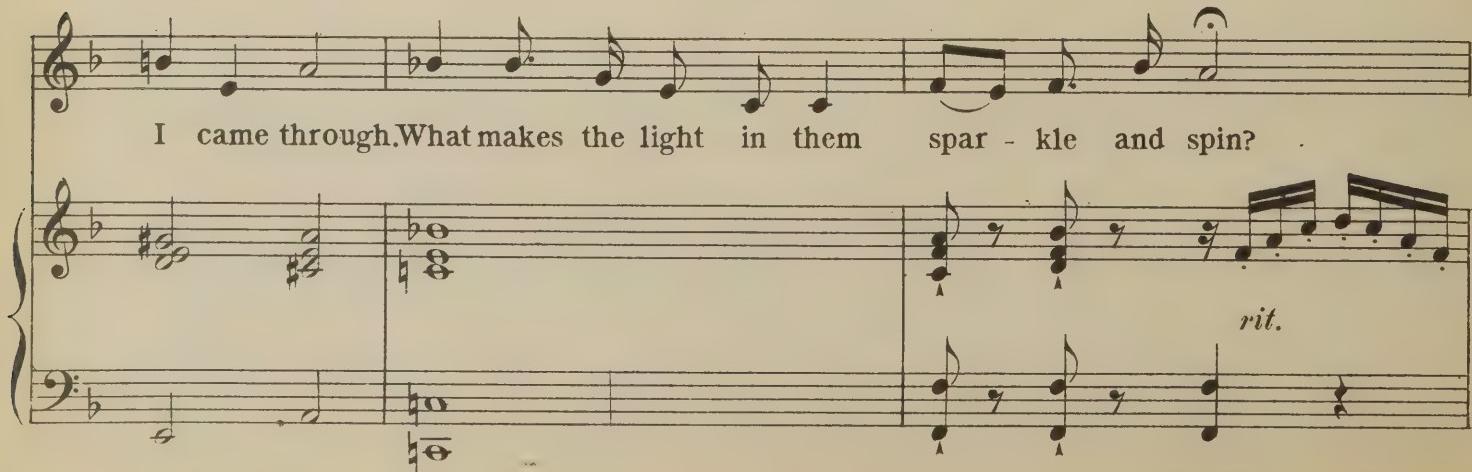
Voice. 

Where did you come from, ba - by dear? Out of the ev - 'ry-where

Piano. 



in - to the here. Where did you get those eyes so blue? Out of the skies as



I came through. What makes the light in them spar - kle and spin?

rit.

more slowly.

Some of the starry spikes left in. Where did you get that lit - tle tear?

p more slowly.

Where did you get that lit - tle tear? I found it wait - - - ing when I got

here. Where did you get those arms and hands? Love made it - self in - to

hooks and bands. Feet, whence did you come, you dar - ling things?

From the same box as the cherubs wings. How did they all come

just to be you? God thought a - bout me, and so I grew. But

rit.

how did you come to us, you dear? How did you come to us, you dear?

God thought a - bout you, _____ and so I'm here.

rit.

Cradle Song.

II.

W. H. NEIDLINGER.

Slowly and always softly.

Bye-o - bye, ba - by, Bye-o - bye, ba - by, Lul - la-bye, dear one, Lul - labye,

dar - ling, lul - la-bye — O my ba-by dear, Bye -

bye..



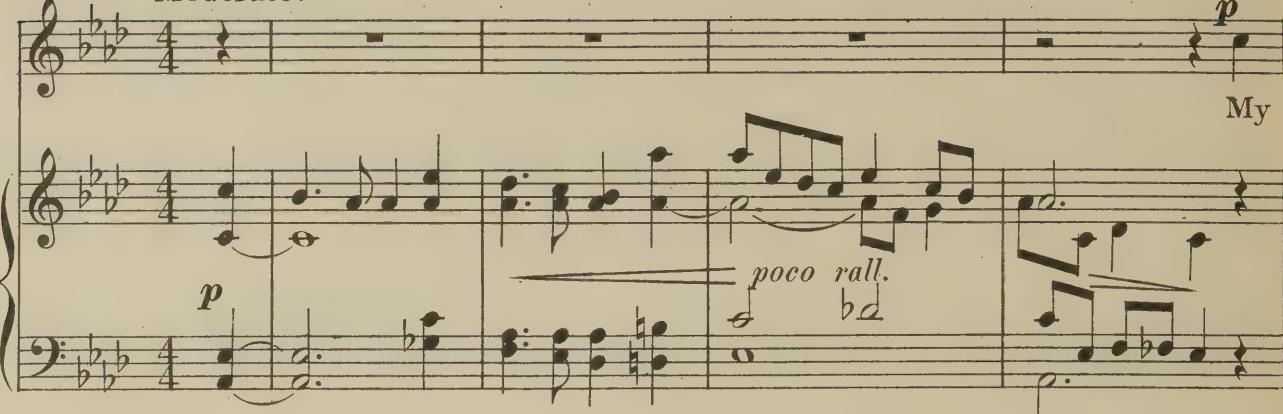
My Love and I.

FRANK L. SEALY.

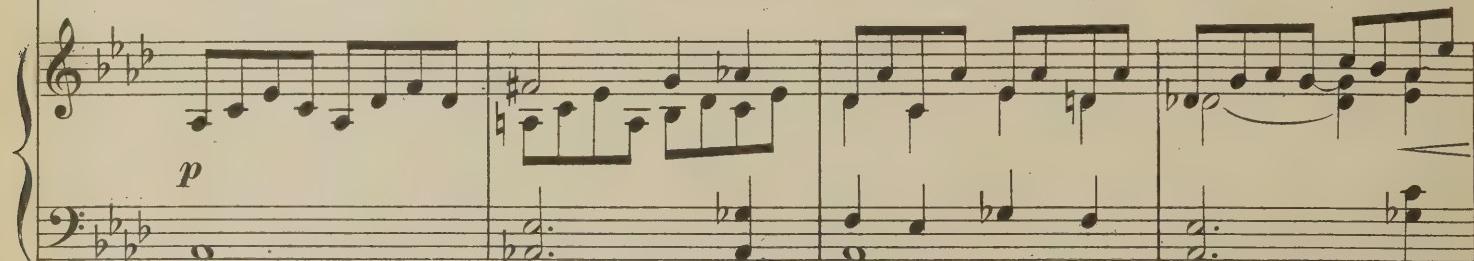
Moderato.

Voice.

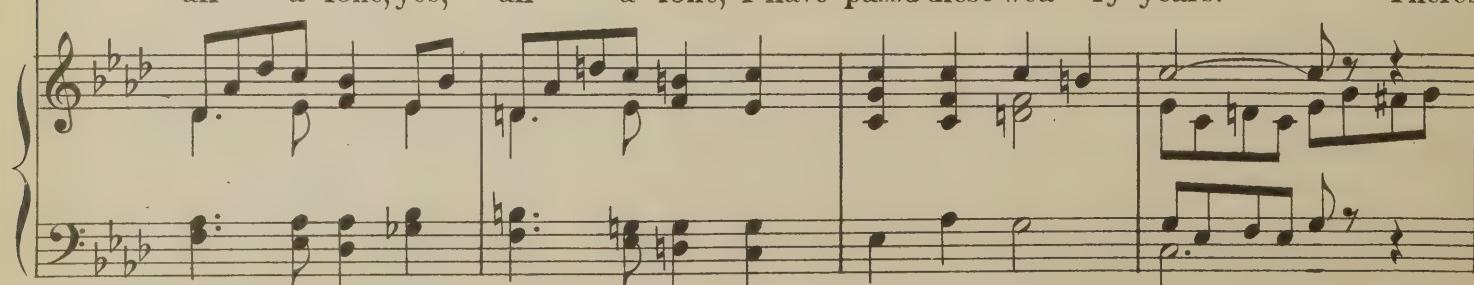
Piano



Love and I were part - ed, were part-ed in bit - ter tears, And



all a-lone, yes, all a-lone, I have pass'd these wea - ry years. There's



un poco rall.

no joy in the day - time, There's no rest in the night - time, But
un poco rall.

lone - ly, heart - bro - ken, I dwell a - lone, I dwell a - lone.

O Love! O Love!

O Love! come back, O Love! come back; There's
cresc. ed accel.

no joy in the world with-out thee.

Love! come back, O Love!

come back; There's

no joy in the world with-out thee.

colla voce.

There's

rall.

a tempo.

cause for which we part - ed, Per - haps it was mine a - lone; What -

e'er the cause, I love thee now, And will love till life is done. Then

un poco rall.

come back to my heart a - gain, Now ach - ing with this bit - ter pain; Ah!

un poco rall.

nev - er, ah nev - er! to part a-gain, to part a-gain. _____

O Lovel O Love! _____

cresc.ed accel.

Love! come back; O Love! come back; There's no joy in the world without
thee:

thee: O Lovel come back, O Love! come back, come
back, O my love to me.

colla voce.

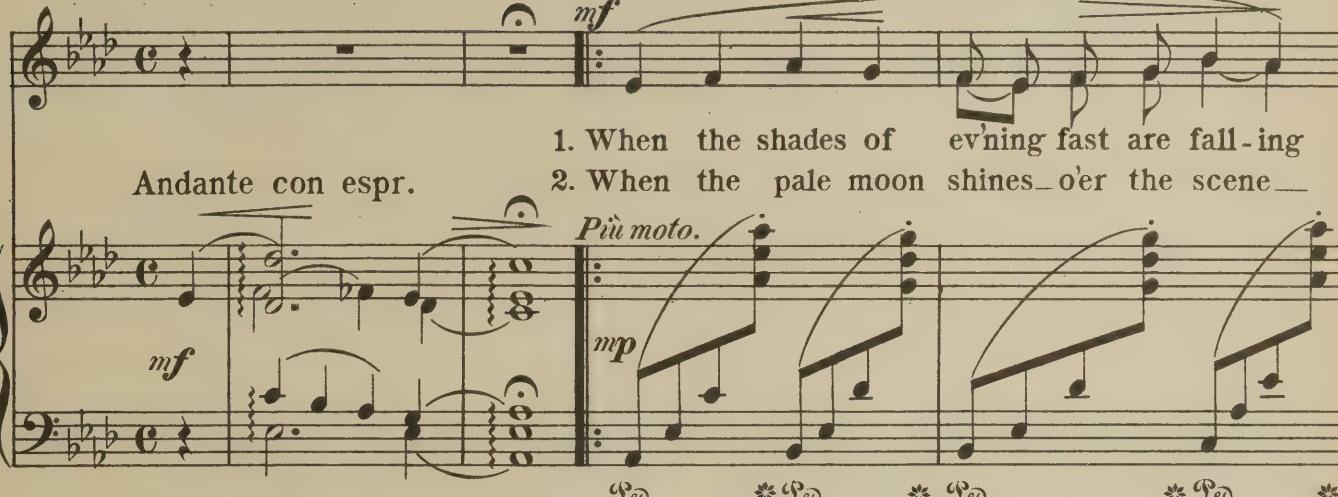
Rit. p rall. P

“Marie.”

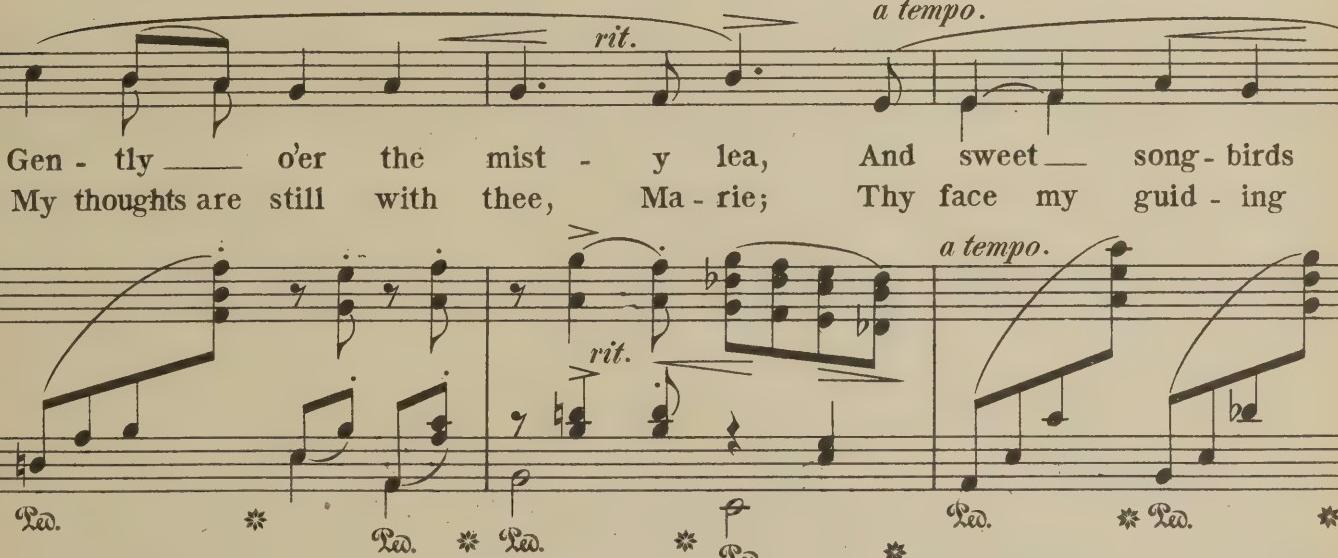
Poem by GEO. F. RICHMOND.

FRANK N. SHEPPERD.

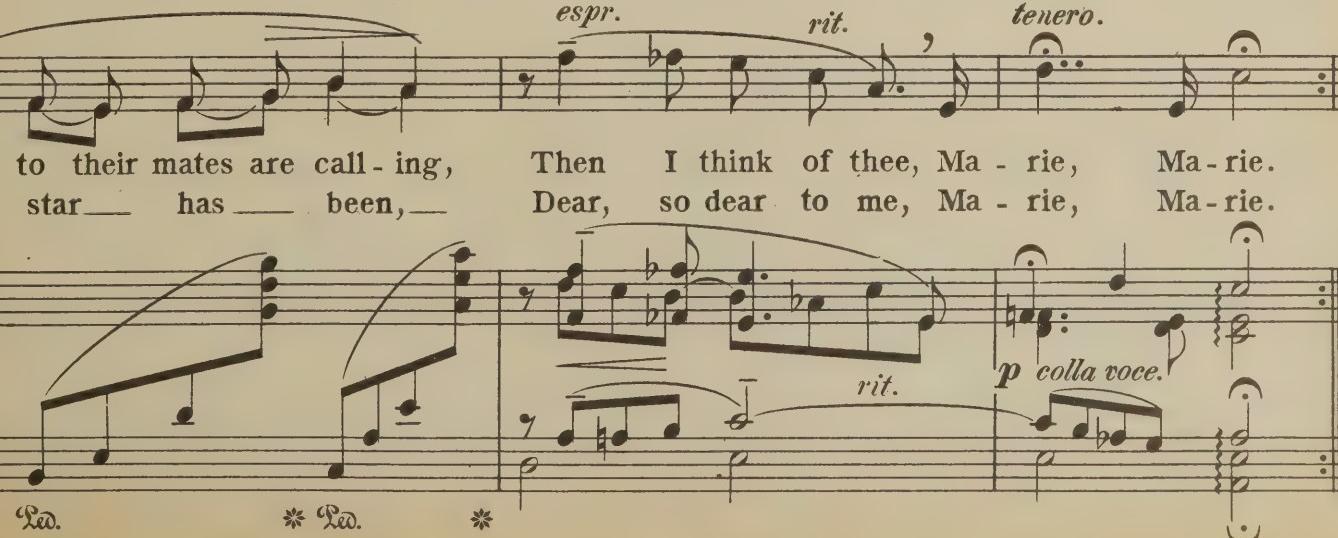
Andante con moto.
molto espr.

Voice. 

1. When the shades of ev'ning fast are fall-ing
2. When the pale moon shines—o'er the scene—

Piano. 

Gen-tly o'er the mist - y lea, And sweet song-birds
My thoughts are still with thee, Ma-rie; Thy face my guid-ing

Voice. 

to their mates are call-ing, Then I think of thee, Ma-rie, Ma-rie.
star has been, Dear, so dear to me, Ma-rie, Ma-rie.

Più moto.

Tempo I.

Per-chance the sea for years may sev-er
Più moto.

rit.

a tempo. cresc.

Hearts that e'er will con - stant be;
But I love thee,

rit.

a tempo.

molto espr. *rit.*

mf

dear, as ev - er, Love thee still, my sweet Ma - rie. So
col voce.

rit.

Tempo I.

time will pass — and my bark fly on —
molto legato.

R&d. *R&d. * R&d. *R&d. *

O - ver the storm - y sea, Ma - rie; Thine
rit.

R&d. *R&d. *R&d. *R&d. *R&d. * *rit.*

a tempo. eyes like guid - ing stars — have — shone To
cresc.

a tempo.

R&d. *R&d. *R&d. *R&d. * *colla voce.*

rit. bring — me — back to thee, Ma - rie, Ma - rie.

f rit.

R&d. * R&d. * R&d. * R&d. *

This is my Dream.

SOPRANO or TENOR.

Poem by Mrs MARY MARK LEMON.

Music by FRANK N. SHEPPERD.

Moderato.

mp cantabile.

mf with expression.

Sometimes I dream that days of old are float-ing Far from the

colla voce.
m. d.

ha - ven where we bade them rest,

And in the

rit.

p

rit.

p

a tempo.

poco rit.

twi - light wait beside my threshold, That in life's ev'n - ing shines serene and

*colla voce.**a tempo.*

blest. Each golden hope on wings upraised to heav'n, Each answer'd

*a tempo.**dim.*

pray'r made good and true by pain, All broken faith relink'd by one glad

*dim. e rit.**p**slower and with great expression*

word - Such is my dream: ah, do I dream in

*rit.**pp**rit.*

vain?

a tempo.

p sostenuto.

Sometimes I seem to hear up-on the
si - lence, Words that you spoke when love so old was new,

rit.

pathetically.

p That tell my heart your path was east in sha-dow, And life has

*rit. semper legato.**a tempo.**cres.**poco*

prov'd unfaithful and un-true. Then in the dark - ness turn your hands to-

*rit.**a tempo.**cres.**poco**poco.*

- wards me, Now from the shad - ow turn to light a - gain; Love that is

*poco.**rit.*

true shines bright-est in the shade -

This is my

Adagio.

dream: ah, do I dream in vain?

*Adagio.**rall.*

(c) (e) (o) (p) (d)

For you.

Words by ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

(*SOPRANO or TENOR.*)

SYDNEY SMITH.

Voice.

Andante espress.

Piano.

p dolce.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of three flats, and common time. The bottom staff is for the piano, starting with a bass clef, a key signature of three flats, and common time. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *p dolce.*, *rit.*, and various pedaling instructions like *Ld.*, ***, *Ld.*, ***, *Ld.*, ***, *Ld.*, ***, *Ld.*, ***, and ***. The vocal line begins with a short rest followed by a sustained note.

p

They say the years have swal - low's wings, But mine have lead - en

The musical score continues with two staves. The piano part consists of sustained notes and chords. The vocal line begins with a dynamic *p* followed by a sustained note.

p

feet, Since last we stood and said "good-bye," That eve in June - tide

The musical score continues with two staves. The piano part consists of sustained notes and chords. The vocal line begins with a dynamic *p* followed by a sustained note.

sweet; I read the an-guish in your eyes, As sad you turn'd a -

con dolore.

way, But oh! you guess'd not what I bore, The tears I could not stay. For

dim. e rit.

dim. e rit.

REFRAIN. *Lento, e con molto express.*

you! for you! my dar - ling, I spoke those words un - true,

rit.

I left you, tho' I lov'd you, And broke — my heart for

rit.

on life's road our path-ways met, O time, thy kind - ly man - tle

cast — Up-on the mem - 'ry of the past. They

told me if we link'd our lives, That you would rue the

day, And when the sor - rows gather'd round, Your love would pass a -

cresc.

way; But had I known what life would be When ev - 'ry hope had

fled, Those cru - el words I spoke that night, Had ne'er by me been

said. For you! for you! my dar - ling, I

spoke those words un - true, I left you, tho' I

rit.

lov'd you, And broke my heart for you!

>

>

*cresc.**Rit.*

*

For you! for you! my dar - ling, I spoke those

Rit.

*

Rit. con passione.

*

words un - true,

I lov'd you, tho' I left

con forza.

*

*

*

you, And broke my heart for you!

*

Gentle Swallow.

Words by E. OXENFORD.

ANTON STRELEZKI.

Con moto e con molto espress.

Voice.

Piano.

rit. a tempo.

1. Gen - tle swal-low,

prith - ee stay; Sum - mer is not fad - ing yet;

ten. ten. ten. ten. ten.

mf

All the flow'rs are bright and gay,
Ev - 'ry cloud in

mf

blue is set.
ten. *ten.* *ten.* *ten.*

a tempo.
mp *poco agitato.*

If thou shouldest from hence de - part —
a tempo.

mp *poco agitato.*

cresc.

f dolce.

Gone would be a sweet de - light;
For I watch with

f

poco rall.

ten.

poco rall.

mp

ten. *ten.*

p dolciss.

anx - ious heart, All the chang - es in thy flight.

p colla voce.

p

ten. *ten.* *ten.* *ten.* *ten.*

ten. *ten.* *ten.* *ten.* *ten. poco rall.*
mf a tempo. *mp* *ten.* *cresc.*
rf a tempo.
 Gen - tle swal - low, prith - ee stay; Win - ter yet is
a tempo.
mp subito. *cresc.*
leggiero.

f espress. rall. *mp*
 far a - way, Pit-y! and do not de-part,
f colla voce. *rall.* *mp subito.*
ten. *ten.* *ten.* *ten.*

Lento. *mf con dolore.* *a tempo.*
 Leaving me all - sad at heart.
ten. *ten.*
mf Lento.
ten. *ten.* *mf a tempo.*

95

95

rall.

ten.

a tempo.

2. There is one I cher - ish well,

mp leggiero.

p equalmente.

ten.

mf

He has gone a - cross the sea; And he said ere

ten. ten. ten. ten.

mf

leaf - lets fell, He would come a - gain to me.

ten. ten. ten. ten.

mp

poco rit.

mp

poco rit.

a tempo.
mp poco agitato.

cresc.

f dolce.

So, sweet swal - low, do not fly, — Leav - ing me a

a tempo.

mp poco agitato.

f

ten.

poco rall.

mp

prey to fear; For while thou art wing - ing nigh,

poco rall.

mp

ten. *ten.* *ten.* *ten.*

p dolciss.

p

Win - ter will not vent - ure near. *ten.* *ten.*

p colla voce.

p

mf a tempo.
ten.

ten. *ten.* *ten.*

mp a tempo.

Gen - tle swal - low,
a tempo.

mp subito

ten. *ten.* *ten. poco rall.*

ten.

leggiero.

cresc. -

prith - ee stay; Win - ter yet is far a - way;

cresc. -

f espress. rall. *mp* *Lento.* *mf con dolore.*

Pity! and do not de-part, Leaving me all sad at

f colla voce. *rall.* *p subito.* *Lento. ten.*

ten. *ten.* *ten.* *ten.* *ten.* *ten.* *ten.* *ten.*

heart. *a tempo.*

f *mp* *rall.*

ten. *ten.* *ten.* *ten.* *ten.* *ten.*

decrese. *p* *decrese.* *pp* *mp* *pp* *mp* *pp*

'Twas surely Fate.

Words by CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Allegro con moto.

HOPE TEMPLE.

V

Voice.

Piano.

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The top staff is for the Voice, starting with a rest. The second staff is for the Piano, with dynamics 'f' and 'mf'. The third staff is for the Piano, with dynamics 'mf' and 'p'. The fourth staff is for the Piano, with dynamics 'p' and 'mf'. The fifth staff is for the Voice, containing lyrics: 'It was eve and June, and a crescent moon Sank low in the west - ern sky! And your'. The sixth staff is for the Piano, ending with a dynamic 'rall.'. Performance instructions include 'Rwd.' under the piano staves, 'ten.' over the vocal line, and 'Tempo I.' at the end of the vocal line.

rall.

a tempo.

ten.

ten - der face wore a name - less grace, Tho' your heart held an un - told

rall.

p rall.

ten.

sigh; For you lov'd me well, more than words can tell, But you

p cresc.

f

a tempo.

all for noth - ing gave, For my heart lay dead, with a

p

ten.

rall.

day long fled, Deep down in a dis - tant grave! Ah! how

rall.

ten.

ten.

a tempo.

much might have been, how much might be Could I have lov'd you as—
Rd. **Rd.** **Rd.**

you lov'd me; How much might have been, yes, what bliss might be, Could I have lov'd you as—
rall. *con anima.*

Tempo I.

you lov'd — me!

When I think of you, as I

Rd. **Rd.** **Rd.** **Rd.**

ten. ten. *f slower.*

of - ten do, There re - turns that eve in June, It was
rall. **Rd.**

ten. ten. con forza. a tempo. ten.

sure - ly fate, some must love too late, And others a world too ten.
rall. *ten.* *con forza.* *a tempo.* *ten.*
Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

Tempo I.

soon! Let the cur - tain fall, could I
p *p* *p* *p* *p* *p* *rall.*
Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

a tempo.

take you all, And give you so lit - tle? ah!
a tempo. *a tempo.* *a tempo.* *a tempo.*
Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

f

no! Tho' it wrung your heart, it was
f *f* *f* *f*
Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

rall. ten. (ten.)

well to part, And bet - ter to let you go! When I
dim. *e* *molto* *rall.* *col canto.*
Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

slowly.

Tempo I.

think of you, as I often do, There comes that eve in
p *Ad.* *Ad.*

*con forza.**ten.*

June!

It must sure - ly be fate, *ten.* some must*ff*

love too late, And oth - ers a world too
f *legato.* *p*

f con forza. ten.

soon;

Tho' it wrung your heart, it was *ten.**cresc.**f dim.*

accel.

well to part, And bet - ter to let you

accel. *f*

go! Yet how much might have been, what—

rall. *f*

bliss might be! Could I have lov'd you as— you lov'd

slower. *rall.* *a tempo.* *ff a tempo.*

Rd. *Rd.*

me. *hurry.* *ff*

104 “No lips can tell!”

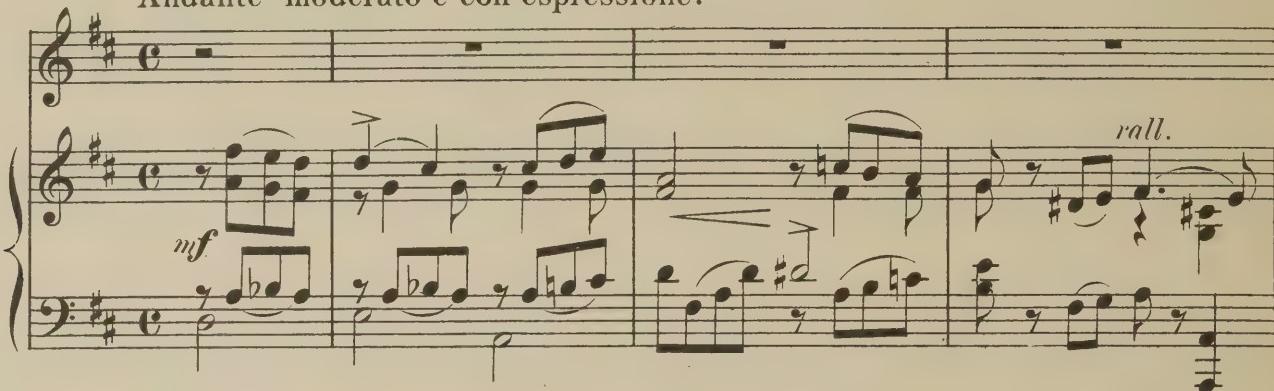
Words by EDWARD OXENFORD.

SONG.

H. TROTÈRE.

Andante moderato e con espressione.

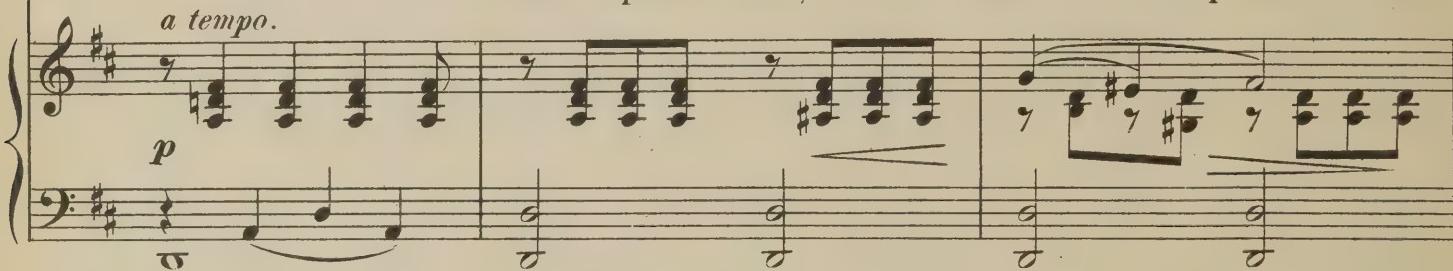
Voice.



Piano.

No lips can tell, no words express The

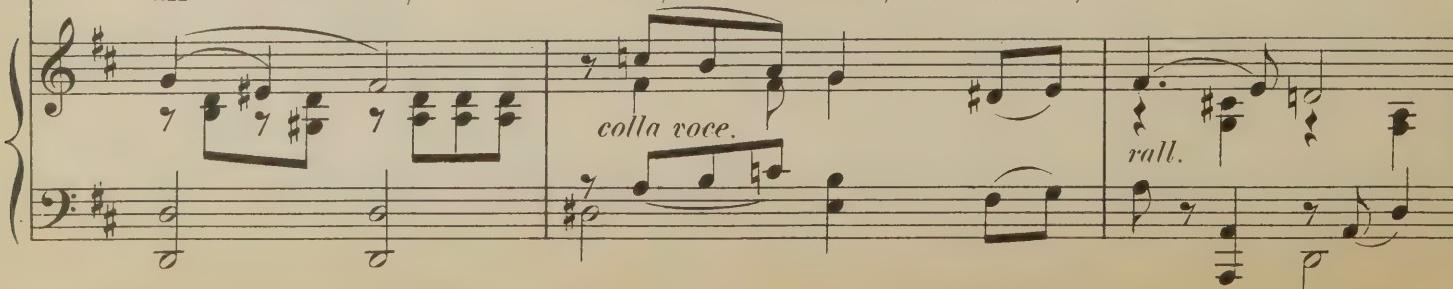
a tempo.



bound-less love I bear to thee! Glad - ly my heart would



all con-fess, But, tho' it strives, it can-not, can - not be!



Thy face outvies the fairest dream; On earth no voice so sweet as thine;

Thy gentle words for ev - er seem Like music from the realms di -

dim. >

Lad. *

Lad. *

con passione.

vine! _____ Ah! glad - ly would my heart con-fess

The thoughts that in my bo - som dwell! No words can half my

love express, No lips can tell, No words express!

No lips can tell! No lips can tell!

As flows the stream - 1ct

rall. a tempo.

p

to the sea, As craves the flow'r the gold - en ray,

dim.

So, day by day, I think of thee, And will till life shall pass, shall

pass a-way. With-out thee near, I could but die; So let thy love up-

on me shine; And bid me rest for ev - er nigh,

Then earth for me will be di - vine! _____

con passione.

Ah! glad - ly would my heart con-fess The thoughts that in my

bo - som dwell!— No words can half my love express,

No lips can tell,

No words express!

No lips can tell! No

lips can tell!—

p rall. e dim.

pp

Changeless!

Words by
G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

H. TROTÈRE.

Andante con grazia.

Voice.

Piano.

pianissimo

Rit.

Should our world, love, one day

al - ter, Should our bright skies turn to grey, Song to

si - lence, light to shad - ow, And our glad - ness steal a -

way; On - ly love me then as now, dear, Lift thy

stead - fast eyes to mine;— Smile for me as thou wert

wont to, Take a - gain my hand in thine. Though your

lips, O love, are si - lent, Though you breathe that day no vow, I shall

know that you are change - less, That you love me then as now! Though your

lips, O love, are si - lent, Though you breathe that day no vow, I shall

p tremolo.

stringendo e cresc.

know that you are change - less, That you love me then as

fp

p

cresc.

dim.

p rall.

now! I shall know that you are change-less, That you love me then as

f **fz** **p rall. colla voce.**

now!

a tempo.

Be to

mf

pp

me still in the shad - ow, All thou wert when life was bright! Walk be -

side me, love, and guide me, When the way is lost in night. Then, though

fz

shad - ows close a - round us, And the night be fraught with fear, Shall the

stringendo.

rall.

dark - ness be as light, love, And the far - off dawn seem near! Though your

cresc. ed accel.

colla voce.

f ff v mf

colla voce.

lips, O love, are si - lent, Though you breathe that day no vow, I shall

p

know that you are change - less, That you love me then as now! Though your

colla voce.

lips, O love, are si - lent, Though you breathe that day no vow, I shall
p tremolo.
stringendo e cresc.
 know that you are change-less, That you love me then as
fp *p* *cresc.*
Rwd. *
 now! I shall know that you are change-less, That you
dim. *rall.*
 love, you love me then as now!
f *ff*
f *ff*
Rwd. * *Rwd.* * *Rwd.* * *Rwd.* * *Rwd.* * *Rwd.* *

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face.

74

MAUDE VALÉRIE WHITE.

VOICE.

PIANO.

It is na, Jean, thy

con tenerezza.

bon - nie face nor shape that I ad mire, .A1 -

though thy beau - ty and thy grace might weel a-wake de-

sire. Some - thing in il - ka part o' thee To

con express.

praise to love I find; But

p

dear as is thy form to me, Still dear - er is thy

rall.

mind.

Nae mair un gen'- rous wish I hae Nor

con tenerezza.

strong - er in my breast, Than if I can - na

mak' thee sae, At least, to see thee

blest. Con-tent am I if heav-en will give But
 hap pi ness to thee, And
 as wi' thee I'd wish to live For thee I'd bear to
 dee. *rall.*
rall.

Book of English Ballads.

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“Nita Gitana.”

75

(Soprano or Tenor.)

Words by F. E. WEATHERLEY.

REGINALD de KOVEN.

Moderato.

Voice. *Ni - ta Gi -*

Piano. *marcato il movimento.* *mf* *p*

ta - na! a - wake from thy sleep - ing, My vig - il

cresc. *cresc.*

keep - ing, Thy To - re-a - dor am I, *ff*

Copyright 1891 by G. Schirmer.

Thy To-re-a-dor am I. The white stars a-
 bove thee, Know how I love Thee: All that. I
 live for, For Thee to fight and die.
 Ni - ta Gi - ta - na! Wake from thy sleep - ing,

Look down, and love me! Thy To-re-a-dor am I! Ni - ta Gi -

ta - na! Wake from thy sleep - ing, Look down, and love me! Thy

marcato e rall. To-re-a-dor am I! *Più mosso.* When in the fight, Love, eyes beam so

rall. *f colla voce.* *sfz* *eccitato* *f*

bright, Love, Favors fall - ing, voices call - ing, Un-der the golden skies;

I hear a - lone, Love, Thy voice, mine own, Love, I see a -

f

f marc.

rall.

Tempo I.

gain the splendor of thine eyes.

colla voce.

marc. il movimento.

p dolce.

Ni - ta Gi - ta - na! Thy tears now are fall - ing,

p

mf

cresc.

May be to - mor - row Thy To - re-a-dor may die,

cresc.

ff

Thy To-re-a-dor may die. But if I
mf

fall, Love, Dear - est of all, Love, First un - to
cresc.

thee, My heart, my heart shall fly. Ni - ta Gi-
f *Allegretto con moto.* *f.*

ta - na, the trumpets are call - ing, Kiss me fare - well, Thy
f *f* *f*

To - rea - dor am I! Ni - ta Gi - ta - na!

Wake from thy sleep - ing, Kiss me fare - well! Thy

To - rea - dor am I,

Thy To - rea - dor am I!

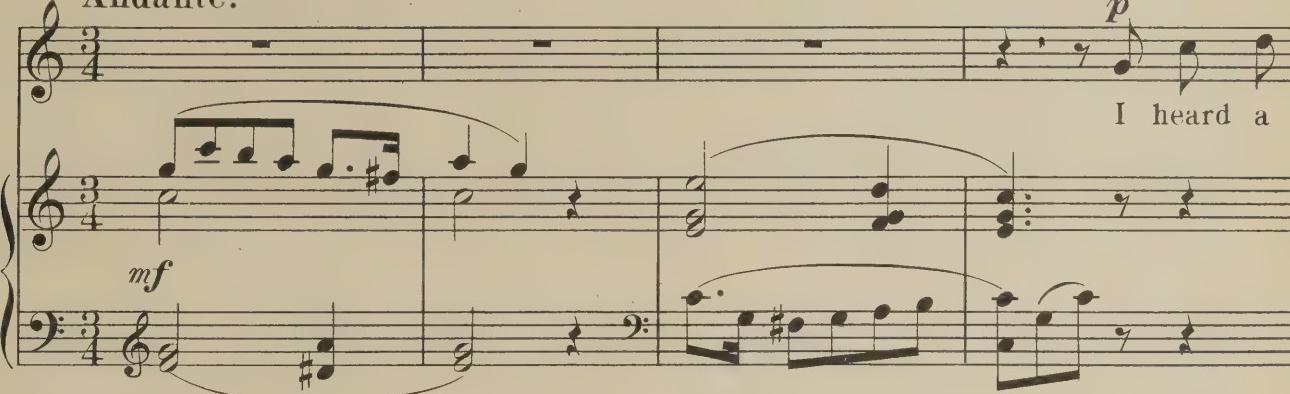
The Flight of Ages.

Words by
FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

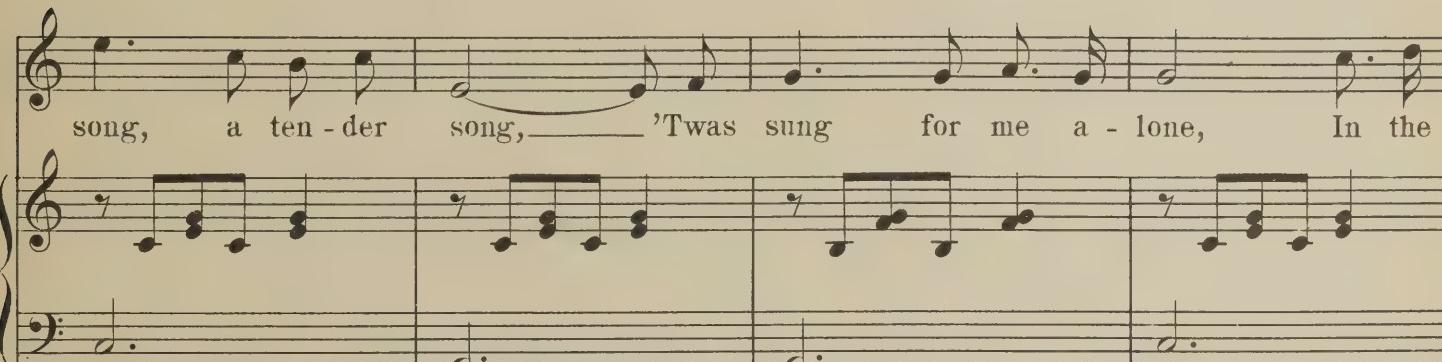
(Soprano or Tenor.)

FREDERICK BEVAN.

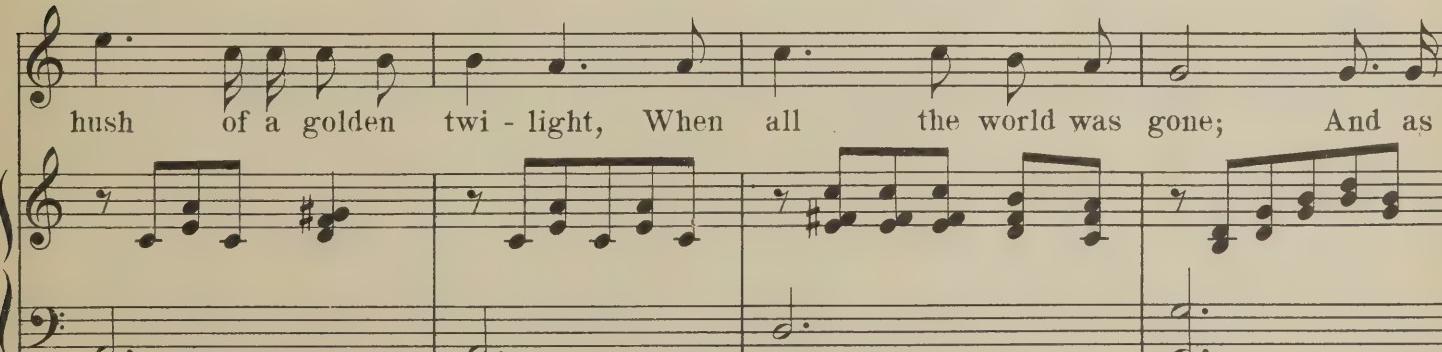
Andante.

Voice. 

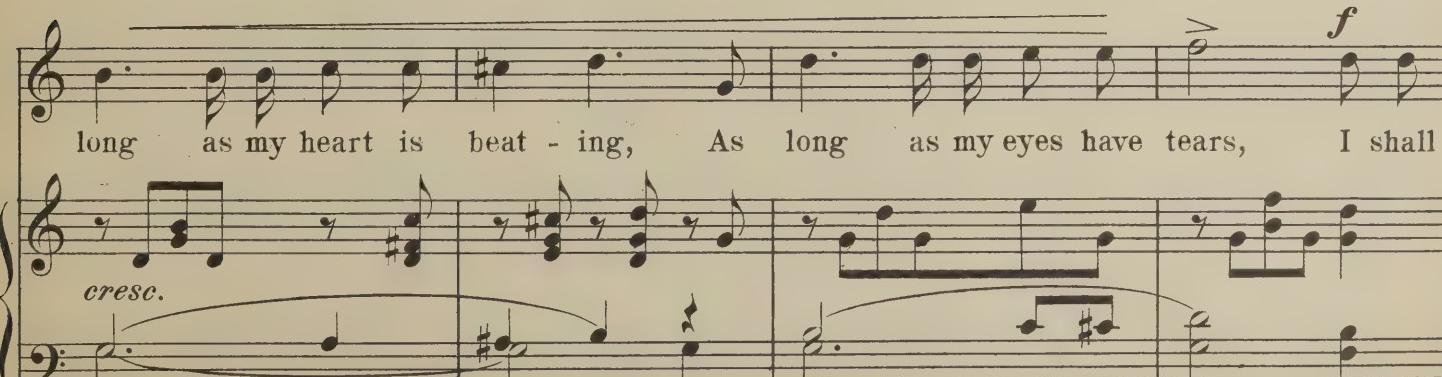
I heard a

Piano. 

song, a ten - der song, 'Twas sung for me a - lone, In the



hush of a golden twi - light, When all the world was gone; And as



long as my heart is beat - ing, As long as my eyes have tears, I shall

rall.

hear the ech - oes ring - ing From out the gold - en years.

colla voce

I have a

a tempo

mf

rose, a white, white rose, — 'Twas giv'n me long a - go, When the

mf

song had fall'n to si - lence And the stars were dim and low; It

cresc.

lies in an old book fad - ed, Be - tween the pages white, But the

f.

ag - es can - not dim the dream It brought to me that night.

rit.

colla voce

p

Più animato.

I have a love, the love of years,

pp

Bright as the pur - est star, As ra - diant, sweet and

won - derful, As hope - less and as far.

I have a love, the star of years, Its light a lone I

see, And I must wor - ship, hope, and love, How -
accel.
accel.

rit.
ev - er far it be.
rit.
rit.

$\frac{2}{4}$

Maestoso.

It is the love that speaks to me In

that sweet song of old,

accel. cresc.

It is the dream of gold - en years, These

pet - als white en - - fold; And

ev - - 'ry star may fall from heav'n, And

ev - - 'ry rose de - cay, But the ag - es *stentando*

rit.
can - not change my love, Or take my dream,
rit.

ad lib.
— or take my dream a - way!

8

The Sailor Boy's Farewell.

77

JAQUES BLUMENTHAL.

Allegretto.

Piano. {

JAQUES BLUMENTHAL.

Allegretto.

Piano. {

f

mf

a tempo.
più tranquillo.

pp

rit.

moth - er mine, *Have you ne'er a word for me?* *Do you*

semprē stacc.

mf

rit.

lento.

p

rit.

lento.

mf

trust your son with - out one sign To the per - ils of the

a tempo.

p

sea? I trust that heav'n will be my guide On the

p a tempo.

cantabile.

Ad.

p

way and at the end, Yet

cresc. > > > > *ff*

I would not leave un - bless'd your side Though

cresc.

Slargando.

f rit. molto.

heav'n it - self de - fend, Though heav'n it - self de -

colla voce.

f rit.

Allegretto deciso.

fend.

f

p

My heart beats high as the

hour draws nigh, With the pulse of the he - roes that do or die! And my

f

heart beats high as the hour draws nigh,—With the pulse of the he - roes that

mf *cresc.*

f

Tempo I.

do or die.

rit.

f

sempre stacc.

a tempo.

stacc.

p

Listen, I hear the glad waves break _____ on

ppp

long beach - es miles _____ a - way, _____ I can

mf

ten.

accel.

al - most hear _____ the an - chor creak - Oh! _____

Adagio.

mf sonore.

accel.

f

p

moth - er let us pray. I will kneel down as I

cantabile.

* *Rit.*

knelt a child With your hand upon my head, And

pp rit.

pray God to keep me un - - - be - guiled And

Slargando.

ff

no - bles liv - ing or dead, And no - bles liv - ing or

ff colla voce.

lunga.

rit.

sf rit.

Allegretto deciso.

dead.

When storms rage high and the

cra - vens fly, Your boy with the he - roes will do or die, When

Your boy with the he - roes will do or die, When

storms rage high and the cra - vens fly Your boy with the he - roes will

Your boy with the he - roes will

u f *cresc.*

rit.

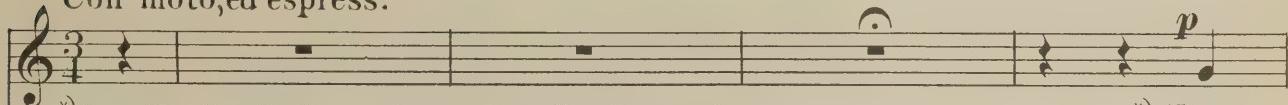
do, — will do or die.

Bashfulness.

JOHN HYATT BREWER.

Con moto, ed espress.

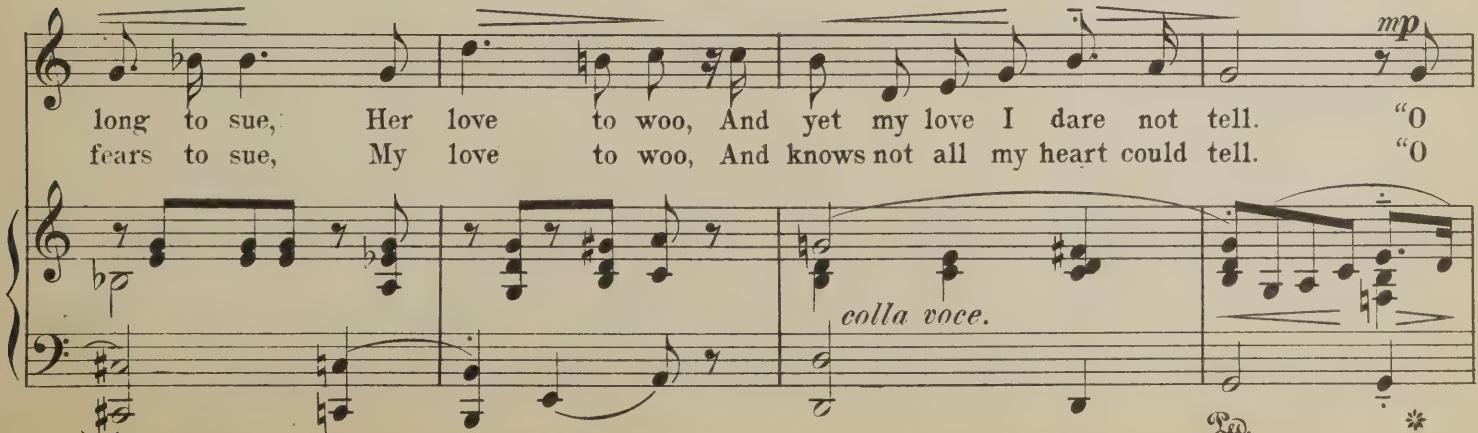
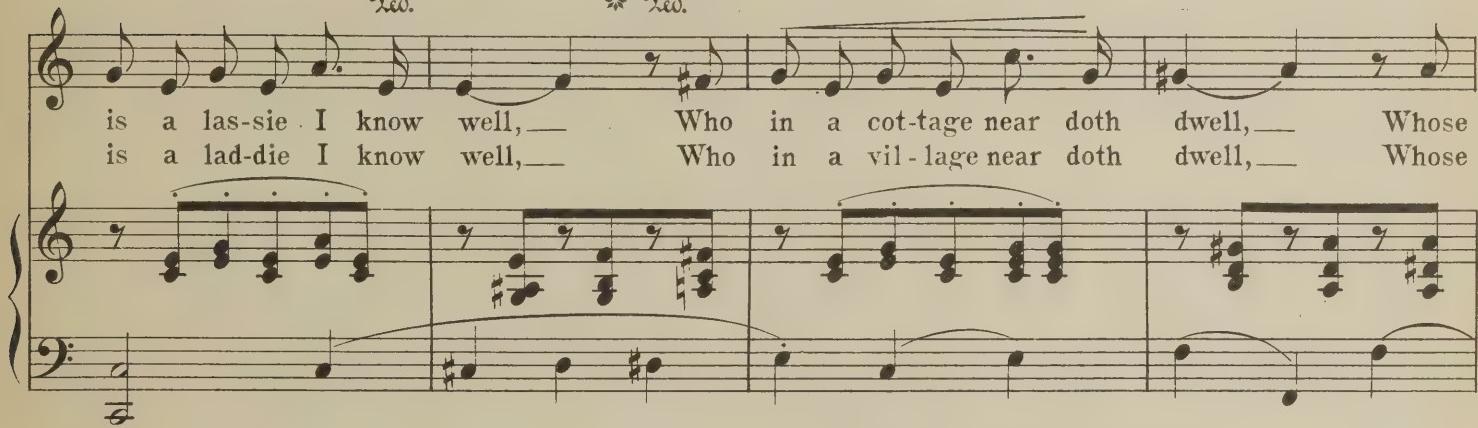
Voice.



^{*)} Upper line of words when sung by men; lower line when sung by women.

^{*)} There
There

Piano.



colla voce.

R. ad.

love,— my heart is thine for aye, O love,— I trust in thee al-way, Be -
 love,— my heart is thine for aye, O love,— I trust in thee al-way, Be -

p a tempo.

cresc.

lieve in me, I love but thee, Thou art the sun-shine of my
 lieve in me, I love but thee, Thou art my dream by night and

mp

day! O love,— my heart is thine for aye, O
 day! O love,— my heart is thine for aye, O

cresc. molto.

love,— I trust in thee al-way, I love— but thee,—
 love,— I trust in thee al-way, I love— but thee,—

9374

sfz

Thou art the sun - shine of my day!"
Thou art my dream by night and day!"

sff *p* *mf*

Re. * Re. * Re. * *

Più moto e giocoso.

A - mong the lassies bright and gay,
With oth - er lad-dies bold and gay,

She
His

p Più moto.

Re. * *

is the blith - est all the day, _____ And her dear hand, Seems
foot - steps nev - er cross my way, _____ But in his hand, A

Re. * *

like a wand, That ev - er holds me 'neath its sway; Should she command, I'd
mag - ic wand, Seems e'er to hold me 'neath its sway; At his command, I'd

p

Re. * Re. * Re. * *

bash - ful stand, And could not, dare not, to her say: _____ "O
 blush - ing stand, To hear the vow his lips might say: _____ "O

love, my heart is thine for aye, O love, I trust in thee al-way, Be -
 love, my heart is thine for aye, O love, I trust in thee al-way, Be -

pp ritard.

lieve in me, I love but thee, Thou art the sun - shine of my
 lieve in me, I love but thee, Thou art my dream by night and

p colla voce.

day!" 0
 day!" 0
 2 1

a tempo. *mf*

Rd. * Rd. * Rd. *

Con energico.

would that I might once be brave,
that the bash- ful lad might guess,
And tell her that my heart's her slave,
The love my heart dares not confess,

From
Un -

Più lento.

her lips hear: "I love thee, dear, Un - asked to thee my heart I gave!" Now
less his voice Pro - claims his choice, And urg - es me his life to bless! For

a tempo. *mf*

accel.

ban - ish fear, My love's sincere, I'll claim the treas - ure that I crave! 0
girls must wait, 'Tis thus, says Fate, Un - til they're asked, to an - swer, yes! 0

accel. *ritard.* *colla voce.*

p a tempo.

love, — my heart is thine for aye, 0 love, — I trust in thee al-way, Be -
love, — my heart is thine for aye, 0 love, — I trust in thee al-way, Be -

p a tempo.

lieve in me, I love but thee, Thou art the sun-shine of my day! O
 lieve in me, I love but thee, Thou art my dream by night and day! O

cresc.
 love, — my heart is thine for aye, O love, — I trust in
 love, — my heart is thine for aye, O love, — I trust in

largando.
 thee al-way, I love — but thee, — O love, — my heart is
 thee al-way, I love — but thee, — O love, — my heart is

mf largando.
 thine for aye!" —
 thine for aye!" —

f Più Allegro.

I cast a sorrow to the sea.

Verse by GERTRUDE HARRADEN.

A. J. CALDICOTT.
Mus Bac.

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

The musical score consists of ten staves of music for voice and piano. The piano part is in the basso continuo style, providing harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. The vocal line is lyrical, with melodic phrases and expressive dynamics. The lyrics are integrated into the musical structure, appearing below the vocal line in some staves.

I cast a sor - row to the sea — That was most
 wea - ri - some to me; — But what I fain had known no
 more, — A sport - ive wave - let wash'd a - shore; I

accel.

flung it then up - on the air — For winds to waft, I cared not

accel.

dim.

where— But lo! a zeph - yr wan - dring nigh Re -

f

dim.

ritard.

stored it on a perfum'd sigh, I cast my

ritard.

a tempo.

ritard.

sor - row to the sea — That was so wea - ri - some to

ritard.

me.

I laid it on the sun's last ray, And deem'd 'twould

per-ish with the day; But scarce had pass'd night's sooth-ing

close When with the ear-ly morn it rose; And now·that

sor-row, bur - ied deep, With - in my lone - ly heart I

keep, And know that I must bear its pain, As long as

cresc.

cresc.

life and thought re - main; I cast my

f

sor - row to the sea, But what I fain had known no

f

more, — A sport - ive wave - let wash'd a - shore; And

now that sor - row bur - ied deep, — With - in my pas - sive heart I

p

cresc.

keep, — And know that I must bear its pain, So long as

cresc.

ff

life and thought re - main!

ff ritard.

The Legend of the Lily.

Words by
G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

A. J. CALDICOTT.
MUS. BAC.

Andantino.

Voice. **Piano.**

They

ritard.

grew in a far - off gar - den, At the foot of a val-ley fair,

Scent-ing the lone-ly si - lenceWith their fra-grance rich and rare; The

south wind brought them sun-shine, And sent them his soft-est showers; But

dim

ritard.

none ev-er dared to gath - er The least of those love - ly flowers.

cresc.

At

eve in the qui-et gar - den The Mas - ter_ loved to walk; — And

cresc.

each fair flower as he pass'd it — Bent on its slen-der_ stalk; But the

Lil - y was vain of her beau - ty, And as his step drew near, Stood

proud - ly e-rect and state - ly, And said "I am fair- est here."

The Mas-ter gazed on it sad - ly In his

dim.

gaze grief gath'ring slow, Till the Lil - y bent be - fore him, The

cresc.

low-li-est of the low. And the tear that fell on its pet-als, As the

cresc.

Mas-ter turn'd a - way, Will be found a glitt'ring dew - drop In the

Lil-y's heart to - day; That tear will be found a

ritard.

dew - drop In the Lil - y's heart_ to - day!

ff ritard. ff a tempo. rit. sfz sfz

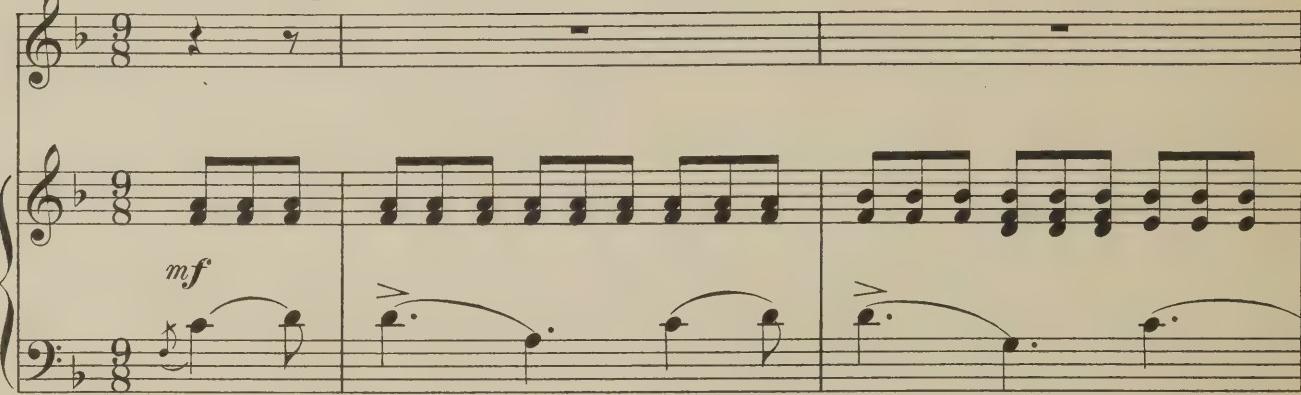
Fetters of Gold.

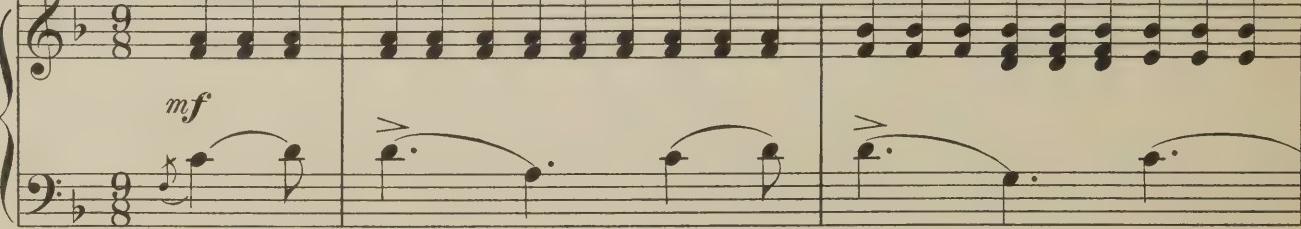
(*Soprano or Tenor.*)

Words by
JOHN MUIR.

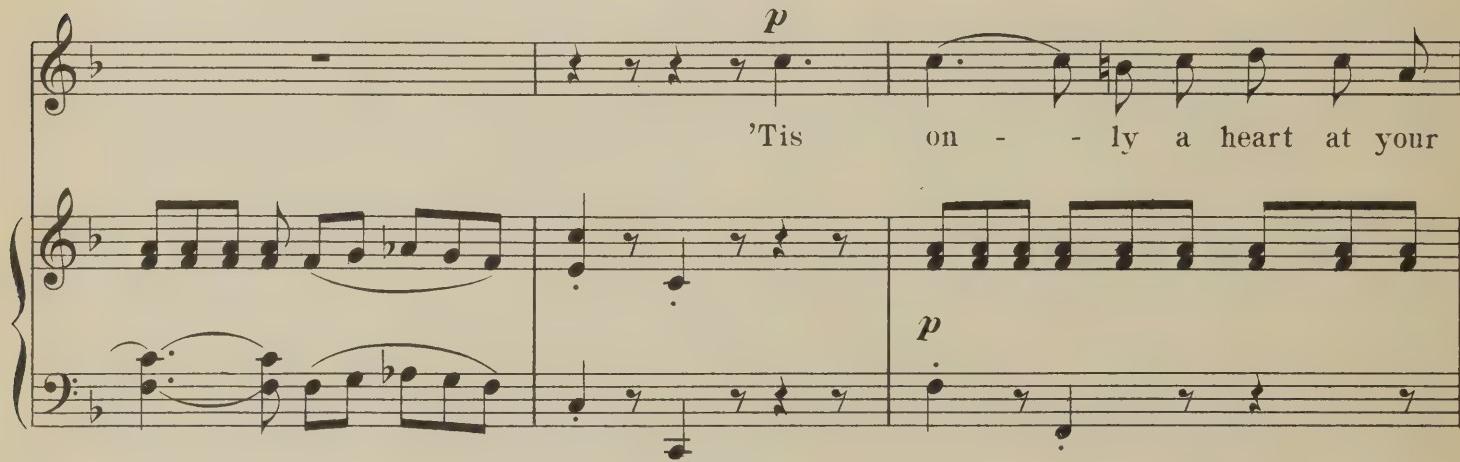
THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

Andante espressivo.

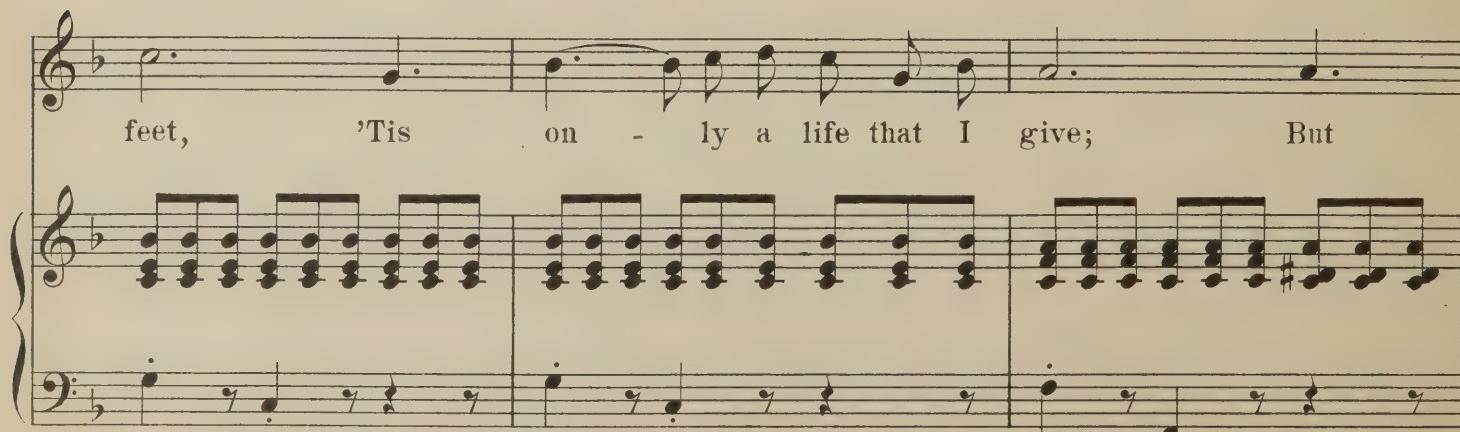
Voice. 

Piano. 

marcato la melodia



'Tis on - - ly a heart at your



feet, 'Tis on - - ly a life that I give; But

rall.

sure - ly a sac - rifice meet,

Bid me to love and to

colla voce

live. Love, o - - - open the door of thine heart, Let me

en - - ter the ha - ven so blest,

Tell me no more we may

cresc.

part, Thus may I find qui - et and rest. O Love!

rit. con passione Allegro moderato.

slargando f

heed me, O Love! speed me, Be - - hold I stand and

cresc.

wait, O Love! hide me, Nor Love chide me, But o - pen

cresc.

wide the Gate of Love, But o - pen wide the Gate of

rall.

Love, the Gate of Love.

colla voce

a tempo

mf

p

'Tis on - - ly the fet - ters of gold You

p

bind - - round my heart to - day; Love - - fet - - ters that cannot grow

rall.

old, Of a love - - that must live - for aye. As

colla voce

pp

pp

day - light commences to die, The wan - der-er homes to his

cresc.

nest; So, Love — to thee now do I fly, To

cresc.

rit. con passione Allegro moderato.

lay — but my head on thy breast. O Love! heed me, O Love!

slargando *f*

speed me, Be - hold — I stand and wait, O Love!

cresc.

hide me, Nor Love chide me, But o - pen wide the Gate _____ of

Love, But o - pen wide the Gate of Love, _____ the

Gate _____ of Love.

rall. *a tempo* *accel.*

con forza *colla voce*

a tempo *ff* *accel.*

Red.

*



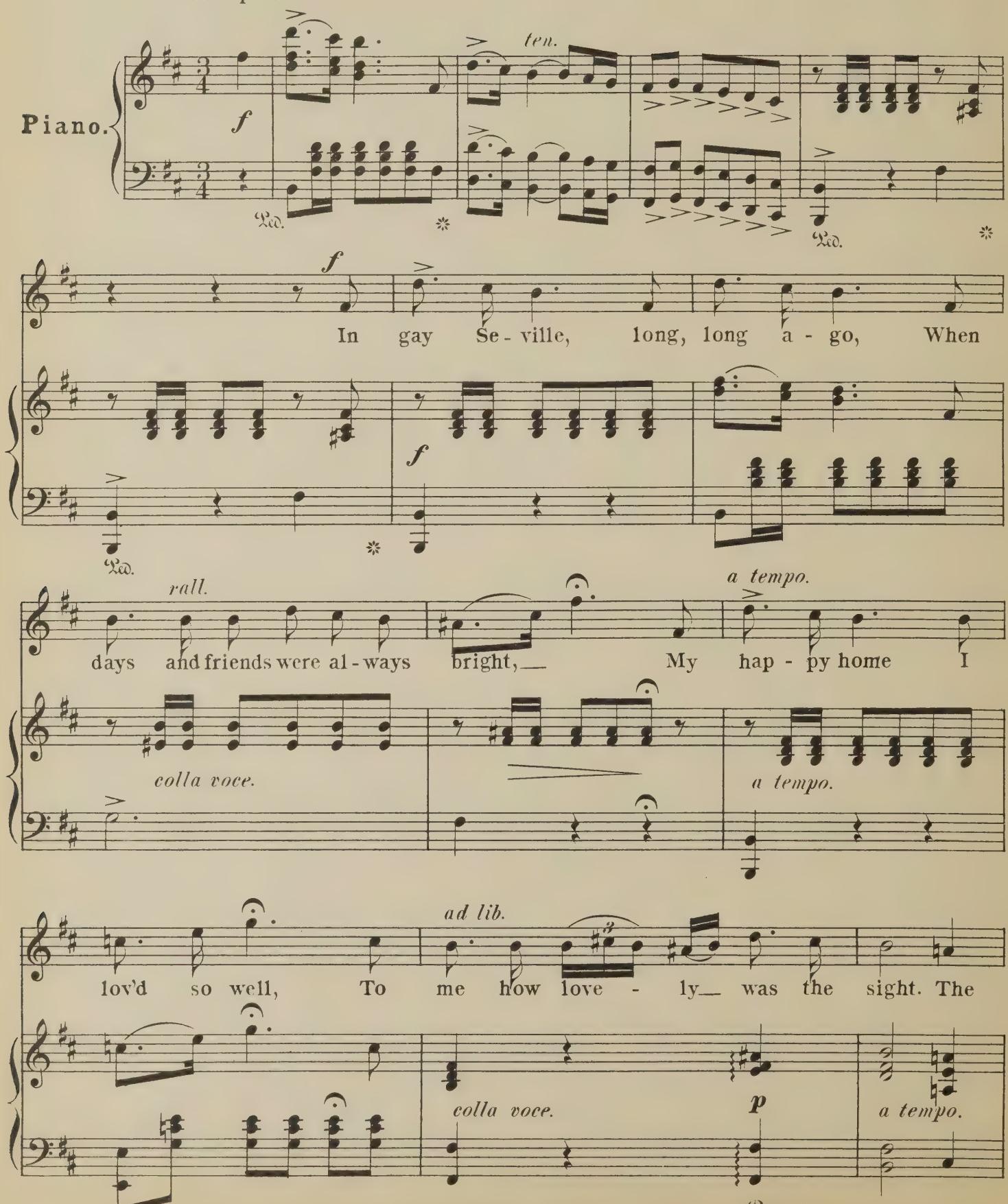
The Bells of Seville.

Words by CRISTABEL.

W. H. JUDE.

Tempo di Bolero.

Piano.



f

ten.

f

In gay Se - ville, long, long a - go, When

f

rall.

a tempo.

colla voce.

ad lib.

colla voce.

p

a tempo.

R&d. *

*cantabile.**fagitato.*

or - ange grove shed sweet perfume, The bells rang out their mer-ry lay, Be -

*a tempo.**ad lib.*

(as if spoken.)

lov - ed home, it was too soon, — too soon, to leave thee, thus for aye. No sound I hear of

*stacc.**ff*
* *Red.* * *Red.* **p*
* *Red.* **ppp*
* *Red.* *

light gui-tar, Like magic mu - sic from a - far; In heavn - ly dreams still let me

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* **mf*

lin-ger, 'Mid fair- est scenes, a-las! no more! No sound I hear of light guitar, Like

*stacc.**Red.*

cresc.

ad lib.

magic mu - sic from a - far, In bliss- ful tones still float a - bove me, Sweet heav'nly

colla voce.

chimes! — Those bells,— those bells of long — a - go!

pp
(Echo.)

pp

f

Ring

rall.

a tempo.

out, sweet bells, thy notes of love, And waft them o'er the ocean foam; — Their

f

colla voce.

music tells of days gone by, And hap-py, hap - py thoughts of

a tempo.

ad lib.

colla voce.

home, Once more I wan-der near the spot, It whis - pers still, "for -

a tempo.

cantabile.

get me not," And ne'er shall I for- get the love _____ of

agitato.

home, 'twas bright as heav'n a - bove. No sound I hear of light gui-tar, Like

ad lib.

stacc.

ppp

Red.

Red.

f

magic mu - sic from a - far, In heav'n - ly dreams still let me lin - ger, 'Mid
cresc.

fair - est scenes, a - las! no more.— No sound I hear of light guitar, Like
ppp

cresc. ad lib.

magic mu - sic from a - far, In bliss- ful tones still float a - bove me, Sweet heav'nly
#

chimes! — Those bells,— those bells of long — a - go!

pp *pp* *f*

"Little Doris"

Words by J. E. WEATHERLEY.

(Soprano or Tenor.)

REGINALD de KOVEN.

Allegro moderato.

Voice.

*f lusingando.**mf*

On a sun - ny bench to - geth - er An - to - ny and Do - ris sat,

R&A.

*

And she peep'd at him de-mure - ly From be-neath her sha-dy hat:

*leggiero.**rall.*

For she felt he loved her dear - ly, And she loved him dear - ly too,

rall.

mf a tempo.

But he was too shy to tell her; What could lit - tle Do - ris do?

f

So the day was quick - ly pass - ing,

p

Still in si - lence To - ny sat; Till she begg'd him just to fast - en

leggiero.

On the rib - bons of her hat: As he touch'd her

rall.

dim - pled cheek, It thrill'd, it thrill'd him through and through;

rall.

mf a tempo.

In a mo - ment he had kiss'd her: What could lit - tle

p

cresc.

Do - ris do? In a mo - ment he had kiss'd her:

cresc.

f rall.

mf a tempo.

What could lit - tle Do - ris do?

p a tempo.

rall.

p a tempo.

mf Poco meno mosso.

Then

Do - ris; lit - tle Do - ris, She did not scream or

mf leggiero.

run, She did not frown or scold him, As per -

poco rall.

semplice.

haps she should have done: But lift - ed up her

poco rall.

semplice.

p > **rall.**

blush - ing face, And then, and then she kiss'd him too:
rall.

f **Tempo I.**

That was just what To - ny want - ed, And what else could
Do - ris do? That was just what To - ny want - ed,
rall.

a tempo. **rall.** **a tempo.**

What could lit - tle Do - ris do?
a tempo. > rall. a tempo. >

Love's Garden.

Soprano or Tenor.

Words by

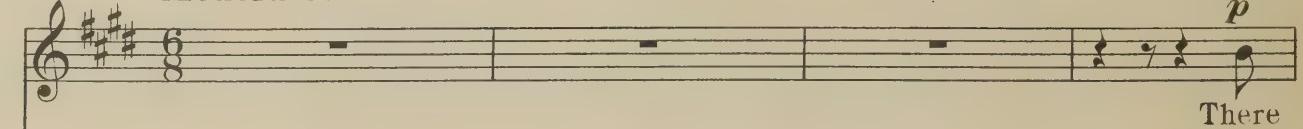
F. E. WEATHERLEY.

R. de KOVEN.

Moderato.

*con sentimento**p*

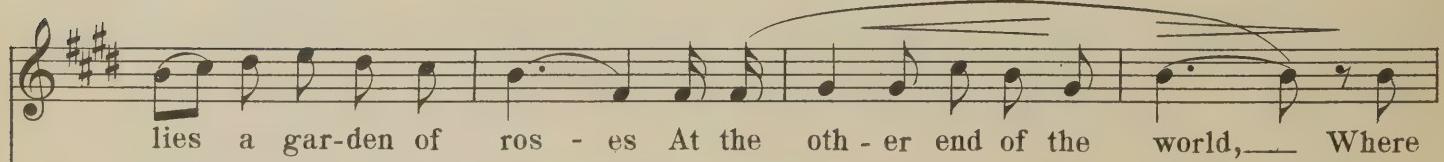
Voice.



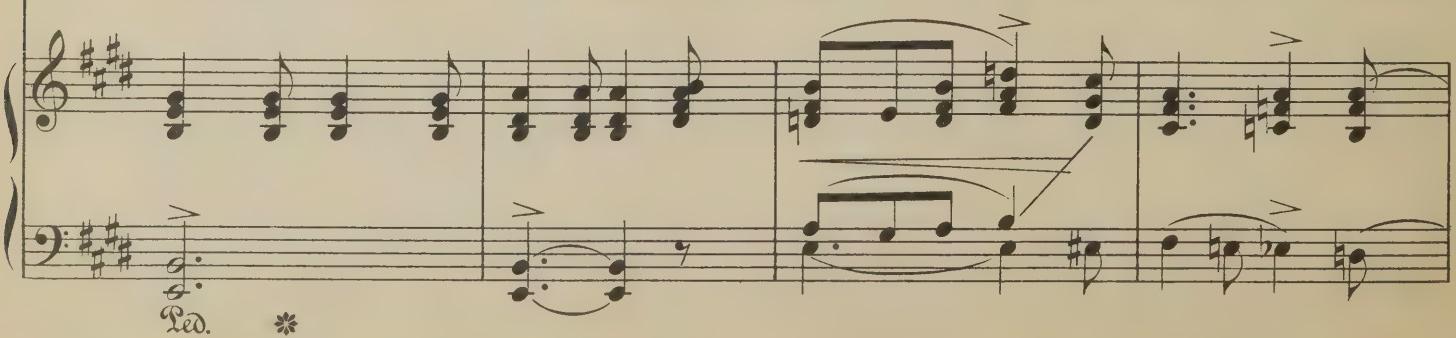
Piano.

p grazioso

There

*p*

twi - light - peace re - pos - es, And the wings of the storm are furl'd, And the

*mf**Ped.* *

p rall.

wings of the storm are furl'd. *mf* White lil - ies blow, Fair

p rall.

riv - ers flow, Un - der a blue bright sky; And

f

there we go, Where none can know, Hap - py, my Love and

rall.

I, Hap - py, my Love and I. *p dolce* And

rall. *p* *pp*

Allegretto.

there in our gar - den of ros - es, No toil, no troub - le

p

jars, From dawn till the day - time clos - es, In

mf *cresc.*

time of the sun and stars. The light winds blow, And the .

mf *cresc.*

p rall. *a tempo*

flow'r - scents flow, The gold - foot hours go by; Sing

p rall.

rall. e dim.

hey, sing ho! No cares we know, No tears, my Love and I. I
 Ped. * Ped. *

Poco rubato Tempo I.

sing in our garden of ros - es, Laid low at my dar - ling's feet: "O
mf con sentimento

queen of the gar-den of ros - es, O la - dy of lil - ies sweet; " O
cresc. *f*
cresc.

poco rall. *p* rall. *mf*
 queen of the gar-den of ros - es, O la - dy of lil - ies sweet." Gold
poco rall. *p* rall.

deciso

sun - rays move a - round, a - bove, In one long dream we
 lie, In the gar-den of Love, 'Mid flowers there - of,
 Happy, my Love and I, Hap-py, my Love, Hap-py my Love,
 Hap - py, my Love and I.
rall.

mf
f
ff
rall.
rall.
pp
Ped.

The crown of love.

(*Soprano, or Tenor.*)

Words by
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

FREDERIC N. LÖHR.

Andante.

espress.

cresc.
 ray of light in the dark - ness, That hid - eth all but
cresc.
 *
 basso.
 *
 basso.
 *
 basso.
 *
 basso.
 *
 basso.
 *
, animando e cresc.
 thee; One ship on a storm - y o - cean Art
animando e cresc.
bass.
 *
 3 3 3 3
 * 3 3 3 3
 * 3 3 3 3
e dim. , *molto espress.*
 thou, my love, to me! 'Tis all that I ask in
rall. e dim. *espress.* *p dolce.*
dolce. , *cresc*
 life, dear, And all that I care to know, — That this true heart will
dolce. *cresc*

appassionato.

That this true heart will

appassionato.

rit., *a tempo.*

love thee, for - ev - er and al - ways so!

sf colla voce. *ff a tempo.*

A cloud may shadow the star, love, The rose that has bloom'd will

p *espress.*

rall. *p sosten.*

break, And the close - liest guarded jew - el, A thief in the night may take; The

cresc.

bright - est ray may be fleet - ing, The

cresc.

* *Led.* * *Led.* * *Led.* * *Led.* *

ship in the storm go down, But

animando e

* *Led.* * *Led.* * *Led.* * *Led.* *

animando e

life is a lasting King - dom, And love a fadeless crown! —

espress.

colla voce.

espress.

f a tempo.

And ev - er thy brow shall wear it, And ever thy spir - it know — That

a tempo.

f

cresc.

cresc.

one true heart is thine, love, for - ev - er and al - ways so! _____ And

agitato.

appassionato.

ev-er thy brow shall wear it, And ev - er thy spir - it know _____ That

appassionato.

one true heart is thine, love, for - ev - er, for - ev - er and

ff *grandioso.*

sf colla parte. *sf*

al - - ways so! _____

ff a tempo.


 This Tiny Flower.

PAUL LORING.

Andantino.

Voice.  C - - - -

Piano.  C *mf* - - - -

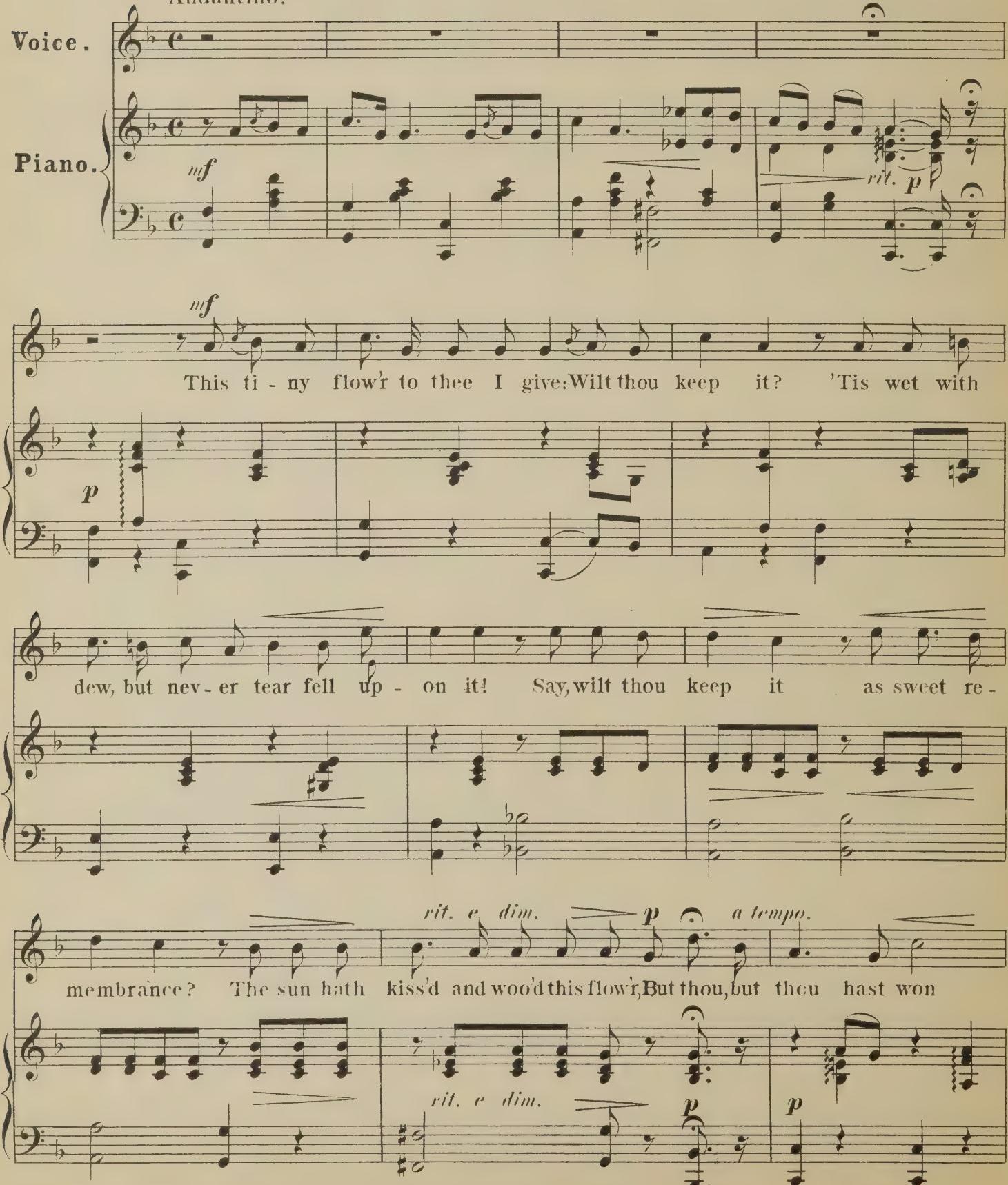
mf

This ti - ny flow'r to thee I give: Wilt thou keep it? 'Tis wet with
p

dew, but nev - er tear fell up - on it! Say, wilt thou keep it as sweet re -

rit. e dim. *p* *a tempo.*

membrance? The sun hath kiss'd and wo'd this flow'r, But thou, but thou hast won
rit. e dim. *p* *p*



mf > < >

it! What though it fade too soon and all its sweet de-part?

accel. ————— a tempo.

What though it die? It yet hath pow'r, if I shall know, if

accel. ————— a tempo.

accel. ————— f ————— a tempo.

I shall know That on your heart you bear my flow'r,

accel. ————— f ————— a tempo.

dim. e rall. p

Up-on your heart my flow'r!

rall. pp ————— pp a tempo. mf ————— f ————— dim. rit.

mf

Tho' comes the tide of pass-ing years o'er life's o-cean, Tho' come the

p a tempo.

dark'ning days when we shall sev- er, One bright'ning heart - gleam shall wake my

dim. e rit. *p*

soul a-gain: I saw thee kiss my flow'r! 'Twill live, 'twill

dim. e rit. *p*

a tempo.

live for ev - er! Good bye, and fare thee well,

p tempo.

tho' lin - gers yet the spell; Thou wilt keep this
 f

flow'r of mine. Ah! mem'ry fond! my heart shall know,
 f

dim. e rit. this flow'r is thine, 'tis thine! My ti - ny
 mf

rit. p a tempo. p

flow'r, 'tis thine, 'tis thine!

Olden Days.

Words by D. F. BLOMFIELD.

CONSTANCE MAUD.

Piano.

legato.

cresc.

1. The moon-light's yellow on hill and wold A warm mist creep - ing
2. So still the air, not a sound is heard Save on - ly where the

up the vale, Brings scent of vi - o - lets in the fold Where
lis - t'ning night ____ Thrills to the rap - tur - ous - throat - ed bird Some

rall.

con amore.

sings the wake - ful night - in - gale Oh Love! where you are wand'ring
trem - bling ech - o of de - light Oh Love! where you are sing-ing

L. H.

cresc.

now now Through Heav'n's glad gold - en ways, Do
Heav'n's per - fect song of praise, Do

poco rall.

you you for-get the paths you lov'd, Do you for-get the paths you
you you for-get the voice you lov'd, Do you for-get the voice you

poco rall.

lov'd lov'd Down here, in the old - en - days.
lov'd lov'd Down here, in the old - en - days.

3. It

cresc.

agitato molto.

seems — to me — but a moment gone — That trysting of a van - ished
agitato molto.

*mf**cresc.*

year — For kneel - ing with — the night — a - lone — I

feel — your an - gel pres - ence near — I feel — your an - gel

con fuoco accel.

pres - ence near. — Oh love what - e'er your life be now —

*allarg.**accel.*

— Full well I know — al - ways,

— You can - not lose the heart that lov'd,

— You can - not lose the heart that lov'd _____ Down

sempre rall. e cresc.

here Down here in the old - en days.

colla parte.

f

accel.

To Mr. PURDOU ROBINSON.

The Pine-Tree.

(H. Heine.)

Soprano or Tenor.

W. H. NEIDLINGER.

Moderato. (*With repose.*)

VOICE.

cresc.

Pine-tree is stand-ing lone-ly, In the North on a mountain's brow,

Nod-ding, nod-ding, with whit-est cov-er, Enwrapped by ice and snow.

pp

He's

8

cresc.

dim.

cresc.

dream - ing of a Palm - tree, That far in the morn - ing

pp

cresc.

pp

dim.

land,

Lone - ly,

lone - ly and si - lent

dim.

A musical score for voice and piano. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a treble clef, three flats, and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "sor - rows, 'Mid burn-ing rocks and sand." The vocal line includes dynamic markings: 'cresc.' above the first measure, '3' above the second measure, and 'dim.' above the third measure. The piano accompaniment is in the bottom staff, featuring a bass clef, three flats, and common time. It includes a dynamic marking 'cresc.' above the bass line in the middle section. The score uses standard musical notation with stems, dots, and rests.

70
To Mrs. GERRIT SMITH.
Shepherd's Song.

(*Soprano, or Tenor.*)

C. MARLOWE.

W. H. NEIDLINGER.

Allegretto. (very delicately.)

Voice.

cresc.

cresc. e rit. -

a tempo.

we will prove.—

Andante.

There will we sit upon the rocks,

*a tempo.**dim.**molto ritard.**p*

And see the shepherd feed his flocks,

pp By shallow rivers, *pp* to whose falls Me-
*rit.**cresc.*

lo - dious birds sing Mad - rigals.

a tempo.

There, will I make thee

beds of roses,

*8tr**cresc.**a tempo.**pp sempre staccato.*

And a thousand fragrant posies; A cap of flow - ers, and a kir-tle, Em -

*molto rit.**a tempo.**mp*

molto ritard.
dim.

Allegro.

broidered o'er with leaves of myr - tle.

The shepherd swains shall dance

dim.

cresc.

mf

and sing — For thy de-light, — each Maymorning, — For thy delight,

mp

— each May morning; If these delights — thy mind may move;

a tempo.

cresc.

rit.

cresc.

molto rit.

Then be my love. Come!

f

molto rit.

p

8

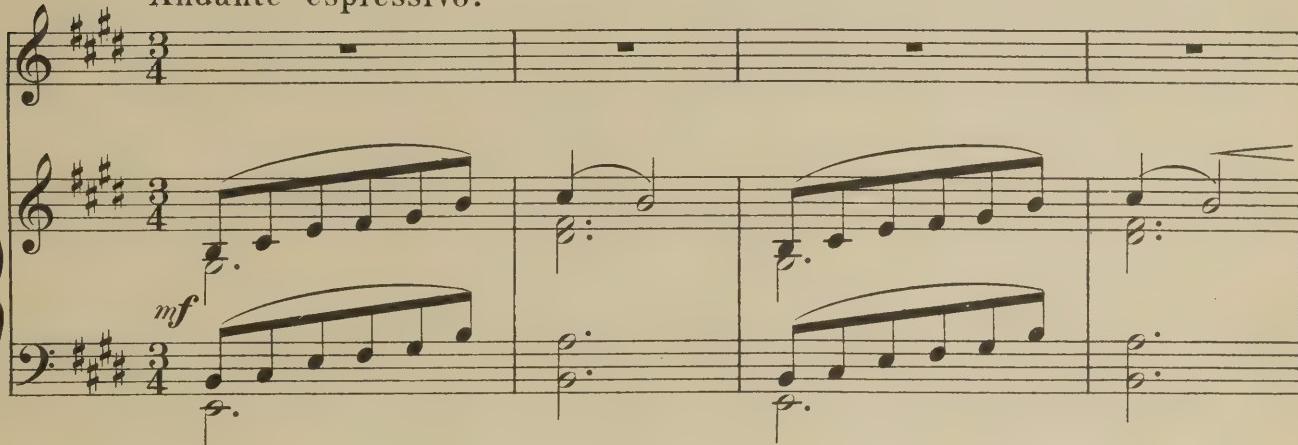
“Slumbering in the dusky twilight”

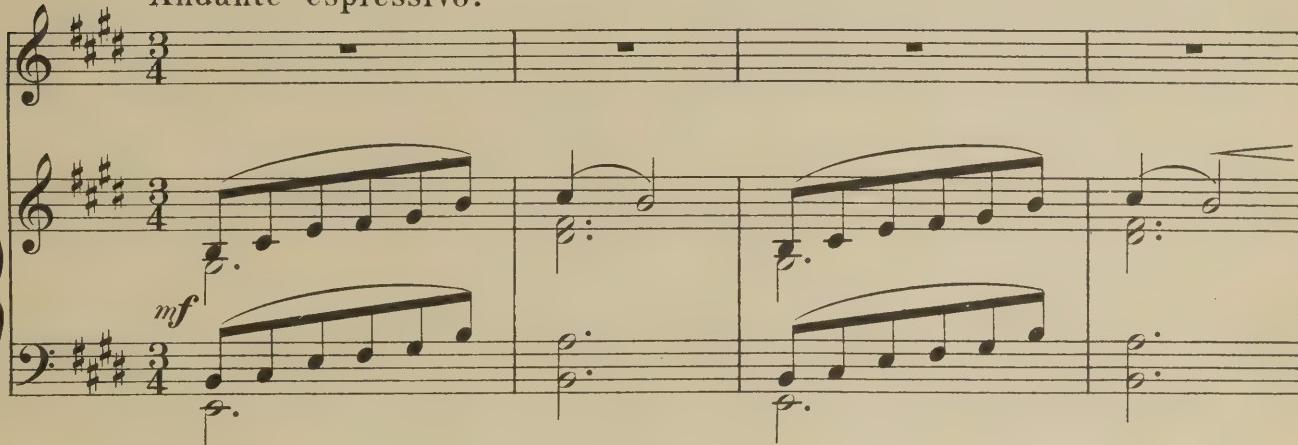
SERENADE
from the Opera “MARIANO.”

(Soprano or Tenor.)

THEO. H. NORTHRUP.

Andante espressivo.

Voice. 

Piano. 

Slumb'ring in the dusk-y twi - light Lis-f'ning to the night-in - gale,



Stars come peeping thro' the night,— Shin-ing thro'yon love-ly vale.



cresc. *f*

There my loved one, he's a - dreaming, Would that I were in her thoughts! Ah! what

cresc. *f*

a tempo. mf

rap - ture it would be, Oh, my Queen! if thou lov'st me. To

a tempo.

p rall.

know this pleasure so di - vine, I would that thou wert mine.

rall.

mf legato.

Thinking, love, that thou art at my side, Thou, my heart's one love, my on - ly pride;

mf legato.

a tempo.

As I clasp thee in my arms, And to feel thy kiss - es warm.

mf rall.

f

mf rall.

a tempo.

Thoughts, a - las! they on - ly are Of my sweet love; of my sweet pre - cious

mf rall.

a tempo. *p* *rall.* *p*

love; Sweet may thy dreams be, Oh! sweet may thy dreams

a tempo.

rall. *p*

be.

a tempo.

Rowing.

(Soprano, or Tenor.)

Words by NELLA.

Music by
HENRY W. PARKER.

Moderato.

Voice.

The piano part consists of two staves. The upper staff uses a treble clef and the lower staff uses a bass clef. The key signature is one sharp. The tempo is indicated as 'Moderato'. The vocal part begins with a short rest followed by a sustained note. The piano part features eighth-note chords in the treble clef staff and quarter-note chords in the bass clef staff. Dynamics include 'mf' (mezzo-forte), 'f' (forte), 'rit.' (ritardando), and 'ten.' (tenuto).

p con spirito.

Stead - i - ly row - ing a - gainst the tide, Slow - ly, but cheer - i - ly

row - ing; Skies grow - ing dark and the riv - er wide,

Au - tumn winds are blow - ing. Thus down the riv - er of Life we go,

p ten.

The vocal part continues with eighth-note patterns. The piano part features sustained notes and eighth-note chords. The key signature changes to two sharps. The tempo is indicated as 'p' (pianissimo) and 'ten.' (tenuto). The vocal line concludes with a melodic line over a sustained piano chord.

dolce.

'Spite of the shadows di - vin - ing, Tho' 'gainst the wind and the tide we row, The

cresc.

rit. > >

ten.

a tempo.

star of hope is shining.

f a tempo.

p cantabile.

cresc.

Ped. *

meno mosso.

Keep-ing our course, tho' the boats we meet, On with the tide are drift - ing,

p sostenuto.

p con espress.

cresc.

riten.

Tho' in - to shadows we row, while they Pass where the clouds are lift - ing.

p

cresc.

colla voce.

dim.

Allegretto.

Row - ing, row - ing, Down the stream we go,_____ Brave - ly meet - ing

p *f*

cresc.

f con moto.

wind and tide, Chang-ing ebb and flow;_____ Row - ing, row - ing,

f

cresc.

Be it fast or slow,_____ Onward still our course we keep, Rowing, as we

cresc.

ten.

Ped. *

go._____ *f con spirito.*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Tempo I.
con spirito.

Mer - ri - ly row - ing with

dim.
p molto rit.
mf

wind and tide, Bright is the sky that's o'er us; Sun-lit the banks on the

river's side, All the world's be - fore us. Oh! life is eas-y, when day by day,
p ten.

For-tune her smile be - stow - ing; We row our boat on the pleas-ant way, The
ten.
rit. > >

a tempo.

way the stream is flow-ing.

a tempo.

p cantabile.

cresc.

Ped.

*

Read-y with word of good cheer for those, Who, with true hearts, en-

p sostenuto.

deav - or, Still to row on, tho' the riv - er flows, Chang - ing its tide for-

p

cresc.

colla voce.

Allegretto.

ev - er: Row - ing, row - ing, Down the stream we

p

cresc.

f

cresc.

go, —— Brave - ly meet - ing wind and tide, Chang - ing ebb and

cresc.

flow; —— Row - ing, row - ing, Be it fast or

slow, —— On - ward still our course we keep, Rowing as we

cresc.

f colla voce.

rit.

ten.

f

Ped. *

ff

go.

ff accel.

Ped.

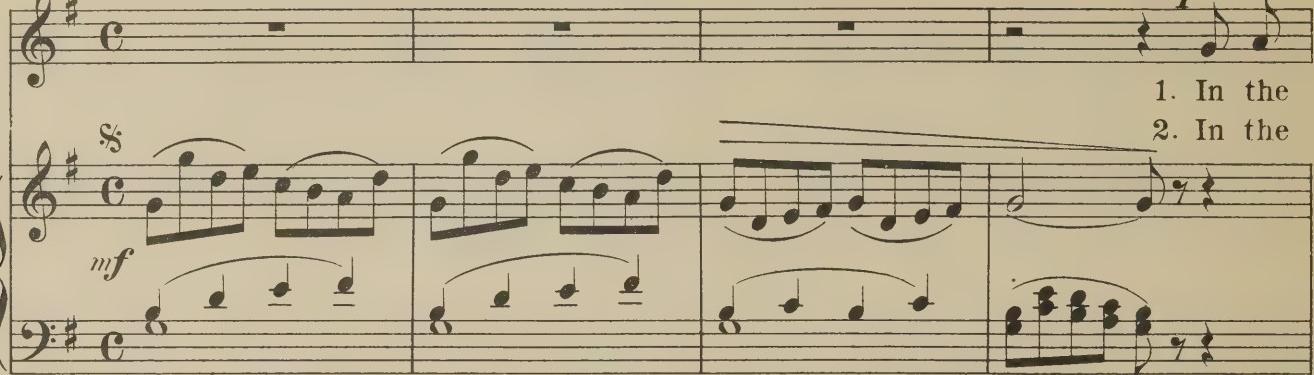
Ferryman John.

(For Soprano or Tenor.)

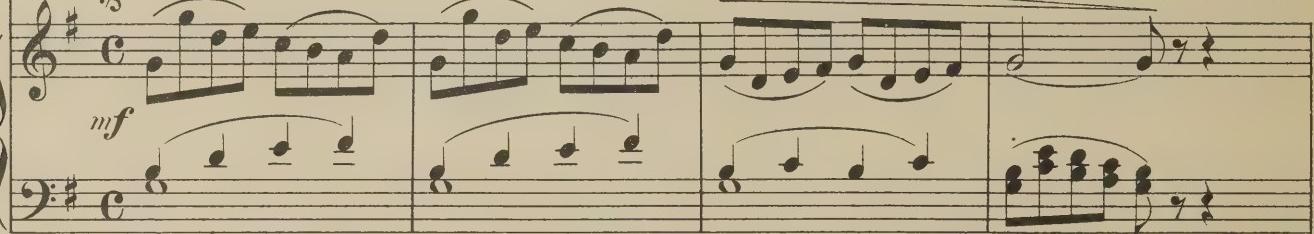
Words by
HENRY VAUGHAN.

PAUL RODNEY.

Moderato.

Voice. 

1. In the
2. In the

Piano. 

hush of the dream-y twi-light Soft-ly rang—the ves-per chime, As we
dis-tance the moon was shin-ing O'er the wa-ters with ra-diance bright, Where the

drift-ed a-long the riv-er In the gold-en sum-mer time; The
mill-wheel turn-ing, turn-ing, Fleck'd the waves with foam-flakes white; But the

scent of the sleep-ing ros-es Soft-ly stole a-mid our
sound of your voice, my dar-ling, Was all I cared to

pp

mf

dream hear, As the song we sang — so mer - ri - ly rang In
As the song we sang — so mer - ri - ly rang Till the

time with the bells o'er the stream.
ech - oes re-plied loud and clear.

Moderato con brio.

mp

1-2. Row! Row! Fer - ry-man John, Row us a - long the stream,

Though we must wake ere morning shall break, To-night we will drift, we will drift and dream.

Lento.

3. Once a - gain in the hush of twi - light I

hear the bells by the shore; But we two will float in the old, old boat With

Fer - ry-man John no more. But the scent of the sleeping ros - es Fill my

heart with for-got - ten pain, As the bells that rang and the song that we sang In my

6

dream-land blend a - gain.

Moderato con brio.

mp

Row! Row! Fer- ry-man John, Row us a - long the stream, —

rall.

Though we must wake ere morning shall break, To-night we will drift, we will drift — and

rall.

c

dream.

mf cresc.

rall.

Thy Name.

(Soprano or Tenor.)

J. EMORY SHAW.

Andante sostenuto.

Voice.

A musical score for voice and piano. The vocal part starts with a rest followed by a melodic line. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the treble and bass staves. The key signature is C major with two sharps (F# and C#).

Piano.

The vocal line continues with a melodic line over a harmonic background provided by the piano. The lyrics "I told un - to the rose thy name, It" are sung. The piano accompaniment consists of sustained chords and rhythmic patterns.

blush'd and stirr'd, Its petals trem - bled as in ec - sta-sy; I cried thy

The vocal line continues with a melodic line over a harmonic background provided by the piano. The piano accompaniment consists of sustained chords and rhythmic patterns.

name a - loud and lo! The bird burst in - to song, With -

in the thick - leav'd tree.

I spake it when the morn was gray and cold, And straight from

out the East up-shot the sun; - I spake it in the night, The stars came

one by one; Shouldan-y whis - per it, when on my face The black earth

lies, I, calm, sleep-ing un - der ground, I think my

si - lent heart would beat a - pace, And that my

lips would tremble at the sound. And if before the gates of

heav'n I stood, And could for my own worth no entrance win; I

think that then if I should name thy name, Th'e - ter - nal

doors would stir and let me in.

ff

L. H.

p

arpa.

p

What made Robin sad?

Poetry by GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY.

EDGAR H. SHERWOOD.

Voice.

I won-derd what made

Piano.

Rob - in sad, Out on - the gar-den wall;

While oth - er Song-sters were so glad, He could not sing - at

colla parte.

rall. *a tempo.*

all. — A - bove him in_ the flow'r - blown tree, With droop - ing head and

p *rall.* *a tempo.*

wing, — Sat his dear mate, as sad as he, With nev-er a note to

sing. —

I

p

did not know un - til too late, Why joy had gone a - way,

f

From Rob-in and his lit-tle mate,

On that sweet morn in May;— Un - til I found up - on the grass, Ah,

colla parte. *rall.* *a tempo.*

mourn-ful sight to see,— A fair young red-breast, dead, a-las! Just

under that flower - tree.

Leonore.

Song.

95

Words by
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Tempo di bolero.

H. TROTÈRE.

Piano.

marcato.

The moon was soft-ly shin - ing O'er mountain, sea, and
The moon its light is hid - ing, The case-ment o - pens

shore; A ten - der heart was pin - ing To
slow, And love her step is guid - ing To

*rall.**a tempo.*

hear her_ lov-er's song once_ more! She watched for him that
where her_ lov-er waits be - low Then, side by side, they

*rall.**a tempo.*

eve a - lone, "Ah wilt thou come, my love, my own; The
cross the foam, Fare - well to Spain! good - bye to home! For

*cresc.**f**rall.*

day is o'er, the stars are bright, I wait for thee to -
she has flown from wealth and pride, To be her lov-er's

*cresc.**col voce.**a tempo.**Tempo giusto.**p dolce.**R&d.** *R&d.* *

night!"
bride!

Soft - ly a - far,
"Fare - well!" she sighed,

from
while

*p dolce.**a tempo.*

o'er the mist - y lea, — Sighed his gui -
soft - ly whis - pered he, — "What - e'er be

, *rall. e dim.*

ad lib.

tar, "Le - o - nore, I love but thee! I
tide, "Le - o - nore, I love but thee! I

rall.

p love but thee, I love but
love but thee, I love but

p colla voce.

ff

ff

ff

ff

a tempo.

thee!"
thee!"

accel.

rall.

Meno mosso.

"Come with me, o'er the sea, Love shall ev - er
 "Come with me, o'er the sea, Love shall ev - er

p

guide thee, I will be be - side thee, Love but thee,
 guide thee, I will be be - side thee, Love but thee,

rall.

molto rit. *pp a tempo.*

live for thee, Come with me, o'er the sea,
 live for thee, Come with me, o'er the sea,

colla voce. *a tempo.*

pianissimo

Love shall ev - er guide thee, What - e'er be -
 Love shall ev - er guide thee, What - e'er be -

cresc.

1. *f* *dim.* *e rall.*

tide thee, I love thee, I love, I

f *dim. e rall.*

Tempo I.

love but thee!"

ff *Led. ** *Led. ** *Led. ** *Led. ** *lunga.*

2. *mf* *cresc.*

tide thee, I — love thee, I love but thee, I love, I love — but

mf *cresc.* *Led. ** *Led. ** *Led. **

thee!"

fff accel.



The Spanish Gipsy.

Allegretto spiritoso.

MICHAEL WATSON.

Piano.

ff > mf cresc.

sf ff > mf

f > sf sf sf sf

(The Rhythm well marked.)

mf Mer - ry-heart - ed Gip - sies

Alla Bolero.

mp

From the South we come, O'er the o - cean sail - ing,

rit. *a tempo.*

Ev - 'ry land our home, Free as air we wan - der,

rit. *mp a tempo.*

cresc.

'Neath the greenwood shade, Where the wild flow'r's per - fume

cresc.

Ming - gles in — the — glade!

sf *f* *fz*

mf

For-tunes we tell as on - ward we _ roam, And Do - ña or
leggiero.

Don re - spond to _ our _ call, "Greet-ing" they cry, "O

daugh-ter _ of _ Spain, La bel - la Gi - ta - na _ is _ wel - com'd by
ad lib.
colla voce.

a tempo.

all!" Ho - la! Ho - la! Ho - *rall.*

a tempo. *cresc.* *ff* *rall.*

a tempo.

la! 'Tis the Gip-sy, who comes from Se-ville, Where or - ange and

a tempo.

cit - ron trees per-fume the grove; Ho-la! cross my palm and I

*poco rit.**a tempo.*

soon will re - veal A tale that shall breathe but of

*poco rit.**a tempo.**ad lib.*

joy-bells and love!

When

*ff a tempo.**dim.**mp.**rall. p*

Poco più lento.

twi-light is spreading O'er the wold, And sheepbells are call-ing The

flocks to fold; Then has-ten we homeward, Seek - ing rest, Till

rit.
morn-ing is wak - ing Each bird in_ its_ nest!

rit. *mf a tempo.*

rall.
Ho-la! ————— Ho-la! ————— Ho -
8 *f* *ff* *f* *f* rall.

Tempo I.

la! 'Tis the Gip - sy who comes from Se - ville, Where or - ange and

cit - ron trees per-fume the grove. Ho - la! cross my palm and I

soon will re - veal A tale that shall breathe but of

joy - bells and love!

poco rit. *a tempo.*

poco rit. *a tempo.*

ad lib.

colla parte. *sf* *ff a tempo.* *accel.* *Presto.* *sf* *sf*

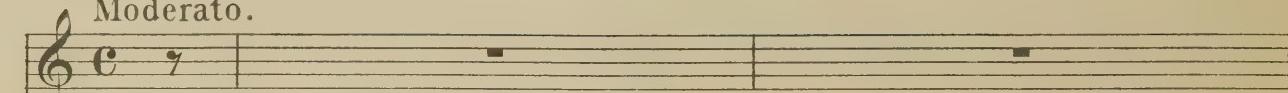
Forget, Forgive.

Words by COTSFORD DICK.

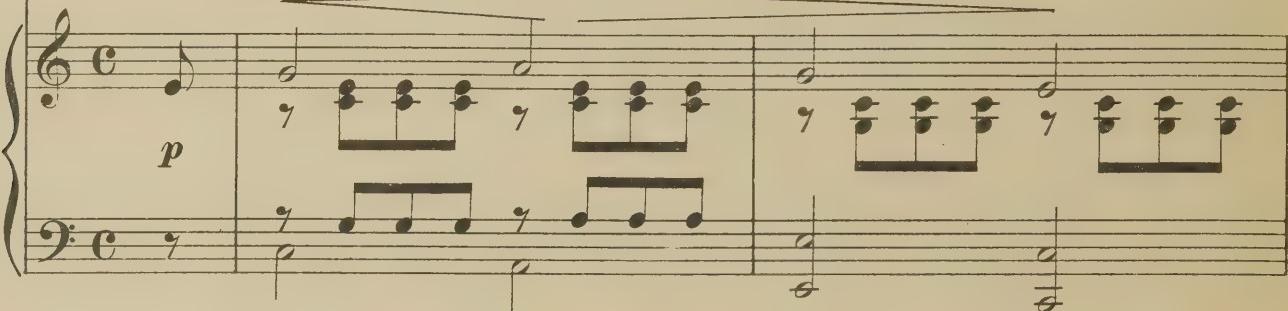
MILTON WELLINGS.

Moderato.

Voice.



Piano.



The morn - ing breaks up -

on the mead, Where all night long the dews have lain; The



birds beneath the si-lent eaves Re - joyce to greet the dawn a -
 gain. Ah! where - fore must I stand a - lone, Be -
 yond the sunshine of your smile? Ah! where - fore with re-gret-ful
 tears Must I the wear - y hours be - guile?
p
rit. *accel.*
rit. *accel.*
rall.
rall.

*a tempo.
cantabile.*

Come back, sweet-heart, for - get, for-give, And bid me love a -

a tempo.

gain, and live; Come back, sweet-heart, for - get, for-give,

accel.

And bid me love a - gain, and live,

accel.

rit.

— And bid me love a - gain, and live.

a tempo.

A musical score for piano and voice. The piano part is in common time, featuring three staves: treble, bass, and another bass. The vocal part is in soprano clef. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'rit.' (ritardando), 'rall.' (rallentando), and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The lyrics 'Ah!' are written above the vocal line.

sweet - - - ly strange, and strange - - ly sweet,

The musical score continues with the piano part. The vocal part is silent in this section.

The thoughts that in our hearts did burn; When lin - g'ring 'neath the moon-light's

The musical score continues with the piano part. The vocal part is silent in this section.

spell We wish'd the day should ne'er re - turn. Then

The musical score continues with the piano part. The vocal part is silent in this section.

p

where - - fore are we part - ed now? Time

p

was not so un - kind be - fore; Ah!

accel.

where - - fore does that hour de - lay That brings my

accel.

love to me once more? Come back, sweet-heart, for -

rall.

rall. a tempo. cantabile.

rall.

a tempo.

get, for-give, And bid me love a - gain, and live;

Come back, sweet-heart, for - get, for-give, And bid me love a -

gain, and live, And bid me love a -

gain, and live.

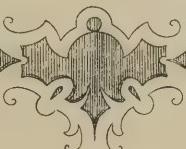
rall. al fine.

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IV.



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